

Divine Reawakening

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36863824) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36863824>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	Other
Fandoms:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP
Relationships:	Ranboo & Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Past Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) - Relationship , Technoblade & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit
Characters:	Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Toby Smith Tubbo , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Noah Brown , Ponk DropsByPonk (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade's Chat (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Cara CaptainPuffy , Niki Nihachu
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers , Major Character Injury , Death , Ranboo-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Winged Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Villain Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Hero Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Hero Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Hero GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Villain Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Villain Wilbur Soot , Vigilante TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Vigilante Toby Smith Tubbo , Abuse , Clay Dream and Ranboo are Siblings (Video Blogging RPF) , Kidnapping , Torture , Gaslighting , Manipulation , Blood and Injury , Ranboo is Not Okay (Video Blogging RPF) , Traumatized Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade Adopts Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Found Family , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Ranboo is a Pigeon , Author is a Ranboo Apologist (Video Blogging RPF) , Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Trans Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Trans Male Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Noah Brown is called Foolish , Amputation , Angst , Major Character Undeath , Protective Technoblade's Chat
Language:	English
Collections:	The fanfics that had me lying awake at night like omg
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-03 Updated: 2024-01-15 Words: 55,755 Chapters: 14/?

Divine Reawakening

by [B0N3D4D1](#)

Summary

"So uh... what's your name?"

Wow Ranboo, you are truly a master at social interaction. When the man didn't answer the teen just started rambling, probably because of nerves. He did just get kidnapped by this intimidating man, they were well within their right to have a slight panic attack.

"Well I'm Ranboo, don't know why I'm telling you this since you, ya know... are currently kidnapping me. I don't suppose you would let me go if I swear to never speak of this again?"

"Shut up, kid."

"Yeah, okay. I can do that. Shutting up now. Uh-huh."

Maybe being kidnapped by a notorious super-villain was actually a good thing for Ranboo?

Or maybe it was the worst thing that could ever happen to him.

Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Violence

Abuse

Wounds/Injuries

Mentions of Death

Manipulation

Gaslighting

Guilt-tripping

Conditioning

Kidnapping

Mentions of Dead Bodies/Corpses

Disassociation

Dehumanization (Kind of)

Panic Attacks Claustrophobia/Tight Spaces

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Cage of blood and bone

It was too dark. The walls were closing in, he could almost feel them trying to suffocate him. Sharp poles with sharpened tips were poking into his wings, no matter how close they tucked the limbs he would still get pricked. The teen was left curled up on the floor, trying not to pass out due to their own failure to control their breathing. He doesn't remember what they did to get this punishment, but if they were stuck in here then he probably deserved it. Anyway, it didn't matter what they did to incur Dream's wrath, the important part was that he didn't do it again.

Aches and cramps were all across his body, which meant they have been in here for a good amount of time. They'd stretch out if he could, but with the risk of somehow impaling himself on one of the poles, he decided to stay as still as possible. The blonde tried to think back to what he did, if they could figure that out then he could make sure to never do it again. But their memory was never reliable, and even if he did remember now who's to say they won't forget it by the time he's let out of here?

A sharp pain started up in their left wing, he pulled the limb even closer; practically inhaling feathers now. They must have been unintentionally spreading their wings, resulting in the appendage being poked by one of the poles. He could hear movement outside the door, the sound of someone walking by. They knew not to call out, to ask for help, if he did they'd just be shoved back in here for even longer. No, he needed to wait for Dream to come back and let them out.

They kept their head buried and knees close to their chest, wings wrapped tightly around him as if he was trying to hide behind them. Step. Step. Step. Turn. Step. Step. Stop- Stop? They glanced up, the only light came from the bottom of the door; barely enough to see anything. But there was a shadow covering most of the light, which meant someone was standing in front of the door. The teen's first thought was this was Dream, that he was going to let them out now. Sure enough, there was the sound of a lock clicking, the door opening, and almost blinding light flooding in. They had to squint or risk being blinded, his wings pulled even closer; attempting to block out the light and person outside the door.

"Ranboo?"

Oh. That wasn't Dream.

They peeked past monochrome splotched feathers, spotting the ravenette looking down at them. Sapnap. Out of all of Dream's friends and colleagues, Ranboo likes Sapnap the most, he's the nicest by far. The older man tilted his head like a confused puppy, taking a second before crouching to be on eye level with the winged teen.

"Did you get locked in here again? You need to be more careful Ranboo, imagine how worried Dream would be if you got hurt."

The blonde nodded, Sapnap didn't know and Dream wanted to keep the other hero in the dark; he wanted to keep everyone ignorant of what really went on behind closed doors. The

older hero stood before holding out a hand, a hand which Ranboo took. Sapnap helped them stand before pulling them out of the closet, looking the teen over with a frown. The blonde flinched when a hand dusted off their shoulders and head, Sapnap hadn't said anything about the movement so he probably didn't notice it.

"Now how about we head back? I'm sure Dream is already worried over where you've been."

Ranboo doubted that but still, he nodded, following after the ravenette. Sapnap was talking about his latest job, something about stopping a store robbery with no casualties. He sounded proud like he was happy to help people, it was a nice change from Dream. Don't get him wrong, they love their brother, but sometimes Dream's motives seemed almost selfish; not that they'd ever say anything about this. Dream was always trying to do what was best for everyone, and Ranboo just wasn't smart enough to understand his plans, they just needed to trust that Dream knew what he was doing.

"-and then I was like; bam! Boom! Fwoosh! And the guy freaked the fuck out, nearly pissed himself too. It was hilarious! And then the owner thanked me while nearly crying, I told her it was my job but she insisted I take this as a reward. What am I going to do with a pink rabbit plush? She said I should give it to a special someone, but I'm not dating anyone. So now I have this dumb rabbit, but I can't just throw it away, I'd be eaten alive by the guilt if I did that."

Sapnap was ranting while holding a small pink rabbit plush, swinging it around as he spoke. The ravenette was also so active when he spoke, it's as if he can't express all of his emotions by words alone. But that was something that just made Sapnap, Sapnap. While Dream was cold and calculating Sapnap was warm and bright, they were like two polar opposites yet the two of them were best friends. The two became friends back when Dream was just starting out, back before he was the number one hero in Essempi. Ranboo met the hyperactive ravenette two years later after Dream had them move into the hero headquarters with him.

"Oh, wait! You're like fifteen or something right? Why don't you take it? I think I remember still liking these kinds of things when I was that age. Anyway, here."

The ravenette turned and practically shoved the plush into their hands, the teen fumbling for a few seconds before holding onto the soft rabbit plush. They mumbled out a 'thank you', Sapnap merely smiled at him before continuing forward; going back to telling some of his best rescues. Ranboo held the plush close, they knew he wouldn't get to keep it long so they were going to soak up as much of this feeling as they could. Sapnap was almost always positive, it was like a breath of fresh air. Ranboo always looked forward to seeing the hero, they don't get the chance much these days, Dream always says it's because Sapnap is way too busy to deal with them. Still, they appreciate any moment the ravenette can spare for them, he is beyond grateful for the attention.

Sadly the hallways weren't longer, or that time was slower because soon they were approaching the door to Dream's section of the building. Being the number one hero came with perks, one of them was a whole section of the hero headquarters devoted solely to Dream. It was similar to an apartment; two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen, and a living room. It wasn't huge but it wasn't small either, and the best part was that it was completely free.

Sapnap knocked on the door before swinging it open, why he bothered knocking was beyond Ranboo. The ravenette liked to show up randomly, and there was no reason to lock the door in one of the most secure places in a fifty-mile radius. The hero walked right in like this was his own house, Ranboo close on his heels. Dream was standing over a table in the kitchen, papers were scattered all around; he was probably working. The older blonde glanced up, expression morphing from cold to a bright grin.

"Oh, Sapnap! I see Ranboo is with you as well, I was just about to go looking for them."

"Yup! Kid got himself stuck in that closet again, we really need to talk to someone about fixing the lock on that door."

Dream stacked the papers on the table, slipping them into a folder before walking over. A hand landed on their shoulder, nails digging hard enough to bruise. Dream was upset, probably because Ranboo got out of their punishment before the time was up. But the other wouldn't be mentioning that with Sapnap around, at least not so openly.

"Boo, you need to stop getting into things you shouldn't be. One day you're going to get hurt, you know I'm just worried about you. It's my job to protect you, but man are you making my job hard."

It was said light-heartedly but Ranboo understood the message, they were a burden to Dream. He was forced to take care of Ranboo, and at twenty their brother was forced to take care of a thirteen-year-old. Now three years later and Ranboo is still causing problems, they were just too dumb to do things correctly which in turn forces Dream to discipline them in such ways.

"All teenagers are like that dude! Sticking it to the man, sneaking out, rebelling; I'd be more shocked if Ranboo didn't do these things."

"Yeah I know, but I worry. After what happened with our parents... I just don't want to lose the rest of my family." That got the ravenette to lose some of that positivity, a soft frown on his face. But Dream perked up once again, squeezing their shoulder a bit tighter before he glanced at them. Emerald green eyes met their own mismatched green and brown eyes, Dream's eyes weren't as bright as their father's own bright virescent eyes. "You know I love you right? That I just want what's best for you, and how much I care about you."

They nodded quickly, they knew this. He knew this very well, Dream constantly reminded them about how much he cares about them, how he does what he needs to out of love. "Yes, of course. I know you love me Dream, I love you too." It didn't feel right saying those words, almost like they were poison on his tongue. But it was true, Ranboo loved their brother, Dream was his brother and they had to love him. They were family.

The older blonde pulled them into a hug, squeezing the teen tightly. From the outside, it would look like two brothers hugging each other, but Ranboo knew Dream wanted to tell him something that Sapnap couldn't hear.

"Go to your room and don't come out, I'll be there in a few minutes to discuss your disobedience."

"Yes sir."

"Good, now go."

Dream released them and the teen instantly scurried off to their room, overhearing Sapnap comment on their shyness. That was one of the excuses Dream used to justify why Ranboo wasn't always around, it was only partially true. They weren't the most social person, navigating a conversation felt like going to war half the time. But never once has Ranboo stayed behind because of his own personal emotions, no they stayed behind because Dream either told him to or forced them to.

Once inside their room, they shut the door quietly, taking a few seconds to just breathe. Once their lungs were no longer screaming the teen was able to cross the small room to instead sit on their bed, wings tucked as close as he could get them. Dream never liked how big their wings were, he said it reminded him too much of their mother. Their mother's wings were beautiful, so much more than Ranboo's own. Where her wings shined and always looked perfect, Ranboo's looked dirty and messed up. Idly, they ran a hand through the ruffled feathers, attempting to smooth down a few of the unruly ones.

He wasn't looking forward to the next punishment Dream would inflict, it would be worse than the closet and Ranboo already hated that one. But this would be a good thing, they'd learn and be less of a nuisance to his brother. They could hear the sound of a door shutting, body tensing as footsteps grew louder as they got closer. Suddenly the door was slammed open, causing the younger blonde to jump up.

Dream was mad. The older blonde was frowning as he glared at Ranboo, hand splayed across the wooden door. Whatever Ranboo did to get the first punishment must have been bad if Dream was this angry that they got released early, but this also meant the next punishment was going to be a lot worse. His brother stepped forward, his power activating and causing the teen to grow even more terrified. Dream stalked forward like a predator, and Ranboo was the prey. Every instinct in him told them to run, to escape, but they knew there was no escape. Dream's ability would never let Ranboo get far, they'd be hunted down the second the older blonde noticed they were missing.

"Turn around."

Ranboo spun around immediately, they didn't want to test Dream's patience today or ever. Hands gripped onto their wing, pulling it open before a second hand grabbed a bunch of feathers. There was a sharp pain, the teen yelping, but the pain continued on. Their wings were trembling, Ranboo desperately wanted to move away or escape; to just stop hurting. But he remained still, trying not to make a bunch of noise and cause even more issues for Dream.

"Why can't you ever listen to me? And you even involved Sapnap! Did you think he was going to help you? You were using him as a shield, a way to get out of your punishment weren't you? Well?! Weren't you!?"

"N-no, sir."

"Wrong! You were, that's what you do! You use people and try to make me out as the bad guy! Why do you hate me so much Ranboo? Everything I do is for you! Why can't you see that!? But you take my love and throw it right back into my face! I'm just trying to help you, but you keep going against me! Why?! I take care of you! I feed you! I gave you a roof over your head! And this is how you treat me?!"

Tears rolled down their cheeks, hiccups, and sobs escaped him at each yank. Every sentence was followed by more feathers being pulled, feathers were scattered across the floor now, some with a few drops of blood adding a hint of color to the monochrome feathers. At some point he ended up on the floor, wings attempting to protect them but instead, it just gave Dream more access to his feathers. They weren't doing any of that, at least not on purpose. The last thing he wanted to do was upset Dream, yet no matter what they did it always ended up with Dream getting upset. Finally, the hero stopped pulling out feathers, the older was huffing from his yelling.

"Get in the cage Ranboo."

The teen flinched when Dream addressed them, the older's voice was cold and lacking emotions. Ranboo pushed himself up before heading towards the far corner of the room where a large object sat covered by a curtain, it was only slightly taller than Ranboo. Pulling the curtain revealed the cage, a metal birdcage was hanging from the ceiling, only a foot off the ground. The teen glanced back at their brother, hoping he wasn't being serious, but Dream just narrowed his eyes at them.

Ranboo opened the cage door before climbing in, he had maybe two feet on either side if he sat in the middle of the cage; it definitely wasn't big enough for the teen to be comfortable. Once they were fully in Dream walked over, hand gripping the bars on the cage door. He held his hand out and Ranboo inched forward, placing his arm in the other's hand. A cuff bracelet was then placed over their wrist, the thing clicking shut before Dream pressed a button. A green light lit up and a sharp piercing pain wrapped around their wrist. Ranboo felt the effects of the suppressor almost immediately. The only reason they were still upright was simply that he had grown used to the feeling of nausea and exhaustion the suppressor created.

Once the cuff was on securely Dream released their arm, the younger blonde pulled the limb back and held it close to their chest. The door was then slammed shut, making a loud clicking noise. The lock was clasped shut, the key was attached to a necklace the hero kept on his person at all times. Their brother tucked the key under his shirt before glancing at Ranboo, the younger blonde had curled up by the back of the cage. Dream sighed, looking disappointed and almost guilty.

"You know I'm doing this because I love you Songbird, I don't like hurting you but this is the only way to get through to you. You don't listen, I have to supervise you in everything you do because you're too dumb to do anything correctly." Dream paused, running a hand through his hair. The hero frowned when he noticed the plush still clutched in Ranboo's hands. "What is that? Hand it over."

The younger blonde didn't want to hand over the plush, but still, he did; knowing that if they didn't Dream would forcibly take it from them. Their brother looked over the item in disgust before looking back at them. The hero pulled out a lighter while maintaining eye contact he

set the plush aflame. Ranboo tried to look away but the older blonde snapped at him to keep watching, so the teen watched until Dream dropped the plush and stomped out the flames. There wasn't much left, a few scraps of charred fabric and stuffing.

"Look, you're too old for stuff like that. You don't need it, I know what you need and this thing wasn't it. You need to stop bringing these kinds of things into the house, you're just wasting both of our time. Now, I'll be back later, I need to go to some meetings. When I get back we'll do a Manhunt and then that'll be the end of your punishment okay?"

"Yes sir."

"Hm? What was that? I must have misheard you, can you repeat that Dove?"

"Yes... Master."

The older blonde smirked, hand smacking the cage bars before gripping the curtain. "I'll only be gone for a few hours, behave and maybe I'll give you a handicap during the Manhunt." And then the fabric curtain was pulled down, the cage growing dark and dim almost instantly.

Footsteps could be heard leaving the room, the door shutting behind their brother. A few moments later the front door was shut as well, leaving Ranboo alone once again. Silently they rolled down their sleeve, using the fabric to wipe away his tears. They laid on their side, curled up and back facing the cage door, their wings wrapped around them like a makeshift blanket. He wasn't sure what was worse, being locked in the closet for a few hours or being locked in the cage with a Manhunt to look forward to.

The Manhunts were always the worst punishments. Dream would take him to one of the training rooms, usually giving them a minute headstart to run and hide. They then needed to evade Dream for twenty minutes to win... Ranboo has never won a single Manhunt. The hero enjoys these Manhunts, he always talks about how much it helps him practice with his ability. Dream was gifted with the ability he called 'the hunter', it was a terrifying power. Their brother was able to track anyone or anything if he could get a trail, and then once he found you he'd be able to take you down in seconds. Dream usually found him within the first two minutes, the next five would be him chasing Ranboo while shooting arrows, and then the last minute would be him cornering Ranboo. The game would be finished and Dream would be the winner, and Ranboo would have new puncture wounds that their brother would have to patch up.

Dream played these with Sapnap sometimes as well, neither of them would hold back and Ranboo would have to heal the two of them. They would always feel sore for days after those Manhunts. Ranboo's ability was seen as a cure-all, a walking miracle, but it wasn't for them. Every injury healed just transferred the pain to the teen, and if the injury was bad enough it could become his injury instead. And the worse part was the fact they couldn't heal themselves, his power was a gift to everyone but themselves. Dream always insisted they needed to use his power to help people, that Ranboo could be a hero like him.

But Ranboo doesn't want to be a hero.

They just want to live a nice quiet life, maybe with a cat or two for company. But Dream said he couldn't do that, that Ranboo had a responsibility to heal people because of his ability. That it was their job to heal Dream and whoever else Dream brought to him. They still remember the first time their brother asked him to revive someone, telling them that this person was important and needed help. Ranboo agreed easily enough, attempting to revive the man only to fail; the man had been dead for too long. The next day they woke up with a single white streak in his hair, unaware of why it had appeared. After that failed revival Dream started to bring freshly killed people, having Ranboo revive them; each successful one added a new white streak to his blonde hair. He wanted to see how long someone could be dead before they could be brought back, it was a minute. They also learned that after too many revivals Ranboo would pass out, sleep for days before waking up sore and exhausted.

Just the other day the hero brought back a kid, someone who looked no older than Ranboo himself. Dream told Ranboo to revive him and they did, they don't know what happened to the kid after that; he hopes the kid is alive still. They would feel horrible if he was revived only to die again right afterward, but knowing Dream it was a possibility. Their brother had killed people in front of him when he was testing the limits of Ranboo's revival ability, they started getting desensitized to blood and dead bodies. Every time Ranboo used this ability Dream would call them a hero, but they never felt like a hero.

The blonde ran a hand across their wing, trying to see how much damage Dream had inflicted. He hissed when his fingers brushed over a section, his wings stung and buzzed with pain. Still, they attempted to fix the messed-up feathers, plucking out any of the damaged ones so they couldn't create even more issues. The hero had ripped out a few blood feathers, those always hurt so much more. The teen's fingers brushed over his broken flight feathers, Dream kept them constantly clipped. He never told them why he did this, just that Ranboo needed to trust him about how this was for their own good. So Ranboo stopped questioning it.

He must have zoned out or fell asleep because the next thing they knew there was the sound of a door opening, so Dream must have been back. They didn't move, just remained on their side and waited, Dream would come to get them when he was ready to start the Manhunt. So until then, Ranboo was more than content to remain somewhat relaxed, laying on the metal bottom of the birdcage. There was the sound of shuffling and movement, so Dream was looking for something. Did he lose his bow? Unlikely, Dream kept his weapons stored away safely in his room.

The door to their room creaked open, his wings puffed up but they remained stationary. The footsteps entered the room slowly as if they weren't sure if they could enter. Was Dream trying to sneak up on him? Their brother is usually silent when he wants to be. So why would Ranboo hear him if the other was trying to be sneaky? The blonde pushed themselves up, glancing towards the cage door. Was he supposed to do something? Sometimes Dream wanted him to stay quiet while others times he wanted Ranboo to beg for forgiveness. Was this one of those times?

"Master?"

The noises stopped, the teen held their breath, hoping he hadn't just screwed himself even more. A few moments of silence followed, Ranboo was about to call out again but before he could the curtain over the cage was being flung open. The blonde's wings flared open, smacking into the sides of the birdcage and causing the feathers on the ground to fly around because of the change in the wind they had caused. That wasn't Dream.

Ranboo had no idea who the person standing outside the cage was, the man was staring back at them. Or they would assume so, it was hard to tell due to the black boar skull covering most of their face. The man had long braided pink hair, a large red cloak that had white fur attached to the ends and shoulders, he wore really fancy-looking clothing, and a golden crown on his head. Overall this man was intimidating, maybe more than Dream. The blonde had backed up into the back wall of the cage, wings still flared as much as they could; maybe as an attempt to look bigger? Ranboo wasn't sure but it felt safer than curling up like he usually did.

The man's head moved to look to the floor before turning back to Ranboo, the teen stiffened once more when the man faced him. Neither said anything, they just kept staring at one another. It could have been minutes or just a few seconds later but the pink-haired man moved, hand reaching for the cage door. Ranboo was not sure what he was going to do, the man doesn't have the key so technically the teen was safe inside the cage. Or that's what he thought. The man grabbed the locked, looking over it before yanking it. The thing broke like it was made of glass, how strong was this guy?!

"Look, we can do this the easy way or the hard way. Your choice kid."

His voice was rough and low, it sent chills down the teen's spine. This guy was terrifying, even his voice was scary. They could feel their feathers fluffing up even more, he did not like what this guy was implying. The man opened the cage before he reached a hand in. The guy grabbed their wrist before pulling them out of the cage, the teen stumbling as their wings flapped to try and maintain balance. In a matter of seconds, the pink-haired man had their hands tied together, effectively restraining their hands. And then the guy threw him over his shoulder, tucking their wings so he could hold them down while still holding Ranboo.

"Hey! Wait a sec-"

"No can do kid, I'm on a time crunch."

The man then proceeded to kick their window, shattering the glass and knocking the screen out. The man glanced out the window and whistled, backing up a few feet. Wait. He better not be doing what they thought he was about to do. Ranboo wasn't facing the window so he could only assume, but they really hoped the man wasn't stupid enough to jump out the window. They were on the ninth story!

"Hold on."

The blonde sputtered, squirming in an attempt to escape. This guy could jump out as many windows as he wanted but Ranboo did not want to partake in such activities, but sadly he didn't have a choice. The pink-haired man took one last step back before sprinting forward,

the teen shrieked; his voice lost to the roaring wind. Ranboo was beyond terrified, he wanted to flare his wings, take to the sky instead of plummeting to the concrete below.

The crash never came, not the way Ranboo was expecting it to at least. The man landed easily, the shock traveling up and shaking the blonde still in his hold. They could feel the bile rise, he was going to be sick. They didn't get a chance to even breathe because as soon as the man landed he was sprinting off once again, pushing past pedestrians before running into the shadows of a back alley.

"So uh... what's your name?" Wow Ranboo, you are truly a master at social interaction. When the man didn't answer the teen just started rambling, probably because of nerves. He did just get kidnapped by this intimidating man, they were well within their right to have a slight panic attack. "Well I'm Ranboo, don't know why I'm telling you this since you, ya know... are currently kidnapping me. I don't suppose you would let me go if I swear to never speak of this again?"

"Shut up, kid."

"Yeah, okay. I can do that. Shutting up now. Uh-huh."

Blades and Bones

Chapter Summary

Our favorite villain has made an appearance!!

(☹️)σ"

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Violence

Kidnapping

Wounds/Injuries

Hostage Situation

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Alcohol/Underage Drinking

Needle-like Object (Not used as a needle)

Restraints

Mentions of Drugs

Mentions of Animal Death (Nothing actually happens, no animals were hurt)

Yelling/Arguing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Honestly, none of this was part of the plan. He was supposed to break in and find whatever thing the hero Dream had that could revive people, something that sounded almost as outlandish as you would think. Tommy was not someone he'd call truthful but when the young blonde showed up on his doorstep, covered in blood but with no wounds and rambling about his run-in with the hero, Technoblade had to at least listen to what the young vigilante had to say. So Tommy told him everything he knew; how he had been fighting with Dream, how he ran, how he got caught, ... how he died, and then finally how he woke up with his murderer standing over him gloating about being able to bring people back from the dead.

It didn't sound real, Techno almost dismissed it as blood loss or a hit to the head. But his chat had other plans, screaming how dangerous it was for Dream to have such an item, how he needed to do something about it, how Tommy wasn't lying or mistaken. So of course, he listened, if Dream really did have something like that then someone needed to destroy the thing, and that someone was him. He's had enough run-ins with the hero to know the guy isn't

the greatest of people, that he has the city wrapped around his finger like a puppeteer. So he'll take any chance he can to knock the smiling hero down a notch or two.

So he did what was thought to be impossible, he broke into the hero headquarters. It really wasn't even that hard, they should get better security. All he needed to do was scale the building until he found an unlocked window, slip inside, avoid the occasional person or hero, and figure out where Dream stayed. It was honestly quite surprising to find out the man wasn't homeless, well technically he was this section of the building couldn't really be considered a home. But he wasn't here to judge the hero on his living conditions, no he needed to find some powerful item. Still, he found where Dream kept his things, slipping in without anyone spotting him. Again horrible security here, who doesn't lock their doors? Dream is going to get himself robbed, well he was robbing the hero right now, his point still stands though.

Now came the hardest part, finding the thing. It would be a lot more helpful if Tommy told him what the thing was, but the kid didn't know either. Dream never told him what he did to revive the kid, just that he did. Chat was also being as unhelpful as they usually are.

Maybe it's some magic gem?

Oh! What if it's like a potion or something??

Maybe some ancient book? That would be cool.

*Oh yeah! Revival Book **POG!***

Why would it be a book? I say it's a cupcake

Why a cupcake?

I like cupcakes

He was getting tired of listening to their squabbling, they were only distracting him from his searching. After briefly looking around the living room and kitchen he started towards what he'd assume were bedrooms, creaking a door open; he wasn't sure if any of the doors were attached to security alarms though judging from the lack of sirens he was fine. The room was pretty plain; a single bed pushed into the corner, a small wooden dresser, a tiny closet, a weird thing in the corner, and a bunch of feathers all around.

At first, Technoblade assumed the feathers came from some pillow fight gone wrong, or a spontaneous bird explosion. Either way, it wasn't his problem, he wasn't the janitor. So he crept forward, opening drawers and shuffling around. He was about to leave when a voice called out.

"Master?"

The pinkette froze, there was someone else here. Did Dream have a live-in butler or something? Man, Techno was hoping he wouldn't need to kill any witnesses today, this was supposed to be a get-in and get-out type of situation. He silently flicked one of his rings, a metal spike flipping out. He was about to cut his thumb with the ring but a shuffling from the weird thing in the corner made him pause, someone was in the room with him. The voices were screaming for blood, now that they knew someone was here they wanted to be sated.

Silently the warrior crept forward, ready to summon a weapon in less than a second. He'd prefer to do this silently than risk someone overhearing and making his job even harder. Once he was in front of the curtain that hid whatever was behind it, he grabbed the edge before ripping it open. Now Techno has seen many things in his line of work; anywhere from drug deals to straight-up massacres. This though was definitely a new one though; standing in the middle of a giant birdcage was a kid. Which was strange in itself, why was some winged kid in a cage and why did they call for some 'master'?

Wait. Wings, which means feathers, which means... He glanced down at the mess of feathers littered across the room, so there weren't any spontaneous bird explosions going on here. As he looked at the monochrome feathers he noticed the odd red stains across some of them, blood. He looked back at the kid again, the guy tensed up more, which was more than fair since he was pretty well known. The Blade was probably a household name by now, though he was sure his name was said with disdain versus the admiration Dream's was. Looking at the other's wings revealed even more dots of crimson, feathers were misaligned, and going every which way, they honestly looked like a mess.

So now what was he supposed to do? There was just some random kid in a weird cage, but hey he didn't judge. He'd just leave the kid alone but he was seen, which means this kid would most likely tell someone he was here, and that couldn't happen. He still hasn't found that revival item, and he was hoping it would take at least a day before the hero even noticed its disappearance. But leaving this kid alive meant the hunter would be on his tail immediately, which was less than ideal. So looks like he was going to have to kill the kid, sucks for him. But before he could even move Chat screamed, literally screamed at him.

BABY!

OURS!

TECHNOSTEAL!!

BIRDBABY!!

Kidnapping pog!!

Techno! Take the kid!

What? Why did chat want him to kidnap a kid? There was no point in doing so, it would be so much easier to just kill the kid and finish his searching. But even just the thought of killing the kid had Chat in an uproar, they've never been unanimous in anything other than when chanting for blood, yet all of them we're begging for Techno to kidnap the winged kid. One message stood out from the rest though;

We can use the kid as a hostage! Make Dream give us the revival thing for the child!

Now that wasn't a bad idea. If the kid was in Dream's house, then that meant they had some form of connection to the hero. The cage though confused him, usually, a person is only kept in a cage for two reasons. One reason was jail, it was basically a bunch of cages. The other reason was for power, to have control over someone. He could take a wild guess on which one this situation landed in, and he didn't like it. Look he may be a villain but he despised when someone thought of themselves as superior, he's an anarchist at heart.

Gripping the lock on the cage door, he looked over it. It was simple, nothing super sturdy, it was easily breakable. So he broke it. The thing crumbled under his strength, becoming useless in a matter of a second. He dropped the bent metal before gripping onto one of the bars to the cage door.

"Look, we can do this the easy way or the hard way. Your choice kid."

He didn't want to wrangle this kid, it would be a waste of his time. If anything the kid should be grateful he was helping them, but he doubted he'd be getting thanked anytime soon. He quickly opened the cage door before reaching in, grabbing the kid was easy, the cage was only so big and this teen took up eighty percent of it. Once he had a hold on their wrist he pulled them out, dodging their flapping wings. Well, that wasn't going to do, he would rather not get hit with one of those. First things first, he'd need to make sure the kid wasn't able to fight him too much. Pulling out a bit of spare rope, he started carrying this after Chat called him unprepared once, he easily restrained the kid's hands.

The pinkette then grabbed the kid, swinging them over his shoulder. He made sure to hold down the other's wings, he did not need to be hit with those things while running. Now all he needed was a quick escape route, preferably one that didn't involve dealing with too many people.

"Hey! Wait a sec-"

"No can do kid, I'm on a time crunch."

The kid's voice was low, almost as low as his, it was kind of impressive. Doing a quick survey of the room his eyes landed on the single window, bingo. Kicking the window out wasn't as difficult as one would think, at least for Technoblade it wasn't. He peeked out the window, whistling as he noticed how high up they were. He could make that, probably.

"Hold on."

He barely gave the kid any warning, he just backed up before sprinting towards the window. The kid started struggling once they figured out what he was doing, not that it mattered since

it was less than a second later the two were plummeting towards the cement below. He was prepared for the landing, bending his knees before his boots made contact with the ground.

The shock of the landing only made him pause for a second, this wasn't the first time he's escaped by jumping out a window. After that second he started sprinting again, no doubt some heroes noticed his rather dramatic landing; Wilbur would be proud. So he ran towards the first back-alley he spotted, pushing past anyone that was in his way; most ran the second they spotted him so that made his getaway easier.

"So uh... what's your name?"

Really? That's what this kid asks after being kidnapped? His kidnapper's name? Either this kid had no fear or was simply in shock, he'd guess the second option.

"Well I'm Ranboo, don't know why I'm telling you this since you, ya know... are currently kidnapping me. I don't suppose you would let me go if I swear to never speak of this again?"

And now the kid was rambling, great. He couldn't have the kid being loud, especially as they were escaping the authorities.

"Shut up, kid."

"Yeah, okay. I can do that. Shutting up now. Uh-huh."

Great, that solved one problem. But what does he do now? Take the kid back to his place? To Phil? It would probably be best if he took the kid to Phil, the blonde knew what to do when dealing with kids. But Phil wasn't here currently, he was also in hiding on the whole other side of the city. It would blow both of their covers if Techno went to him, so Phil was out. Guess that just left his place, how was he supposed to keep a kid alive long enough to seal a deal with Dream?

NO!

Our bird baby!

You can't give him back!

FINDERS KEEPERS!

OURS!

Great now Chat wanted to keep the kid, he'd need to distract them with something else. Maybe he could find some stray dog or cat and let Chat get attached to that instead, or maybe they'd grow bored of the kid and just not care anymore. Either way, he wasn't keeping them, the kid was a hostage; nothing more.

The kid was pretty compliant, which was a tad concerning. Did they get kidnapped regularly? Or maybe they were confident that Dream would come for them. Whatever it was, it was eerie. Eventually, Techno made it to his humble abode or well temporary abode. It wasn't much, just a cheap apartment on the bad side of town. He just needed a place to stay for a few months before moving to another temporary place, he had learned the best way to avoid getting caught by Dream or any other hero was to lay low and keep moving.

Using his free hand he unlocked the door, nudging the door open with his foot before kicking it closed behind him. Now, where did he put the kid? He needed a place he could keep an eye on them while also not having to constantly watch them. He could probably lock them in a room, but of course, Chat had an issue with this.

NO! Keep bird boy close!

TECHNODAD!

Be nice to the baby!

Our bird child!

Okay, he gets it! No locking the child away. Then what was he supposed to do? Let the kid free-roam his house? They were a hostage, he couldn't have them escaping. Guess he was playing babysitter, he's had enough practice with the chaos gremlins so one child should be fairly easy.

Technoblade walked over to his couch, dropping the kid onto it. The kid, Ranboo if they weren't lying about his name, flopped down like a dying fish. Their wings were tucked underneath them, it honestly looked a tad uncomfortable. Again not Techno's concern.

"Stay right here. You won't make it past the front door if you try to run."

There. Simple threats. Techno had this kidnapping business down pat. The kid just stared up at him before nodding quickly, why couldn't all kidnappings be this easy? He debated with himself for a moment, the kid looked like they could be snapped in two easily, he wasn't a threat at all. So there was no point in keeping the kid restrained, he'd rather have this be a civil arrangement until he got what he wanted from the smiling hero. Holding out his hand to the kid seemed to confuse them, they just looked from his hand back to him.

"Give me your hands, unless you want to remain tied up all night."

The kid was reluctant but raised his hands, flinching when Techno grabbed them. He didn't comment on the action, it wasn't his place to comfort the kid. As he was untying the rope he noticed the heavy-duty suppressor on the kid's wrist, if the kid was wearing this he must have some strong abilities. Which could be an issue, if the kid had super strength like him or some shifting ability like Tommy then it could cause a lot of problems.

"Kid." The teen flinched but looked at him, avoiding eye contact with him. "What's your power? And don't even think about lying to me."

"Healing..."

"Healing?"

The kid just nodded, well that didn't seem right. Healing was a passive ability, it wasn't even something that would need to be suppressed; especially by one of this power. So either the kid was hiding something or someone decided to use the wrong suppressor, which was a stupid mistake since it could probably kill someone if left on too long.

"I'll take off the suppressor, but if you try anything I'm putting it back on. Got it?"

Ranboo nodded furiously, understanding that he wasn't bluffing. Once he got the rope off he dropped it on the ground, focusing on the suppressor. It was high grade, made for aggressive power users like himself or Phil. He hasn't worked with many of this type before, but all suppressors were made basically the same; they just added new lights and tricks. All he needed to do was figure out how to cut the power before unlocking it, it would be unbeneficial if he just pried the thing off.

He flicked his ring open, poking the pad of his thumb against the metal spike. Blood bubbled up to the surface, forming into a sharp needle-like form. Times like these he was grateful he took the time to practice making smaller weapons out of his blood. Glancing up at the kid briefly he could see how they grew curious about his ability, understandable, most who saw his blood manipulation in action never lived to tell the tale. He focused back on what he was doing, poking the blood needle around and cutting different wires.

It took a minute but the suppressor powered down, an audible click sounding before the light dimmed. He couldn't help but wince at the kid's flinch, he knew the pain of a suppressor. Why they designed the things to literally stab into your wrist he would never know, he'd guess it was just to make it hurt more. Now came the easier part, unlocking the thing. Now that it was powered down he could easily pry it off without wasting his time trying to unlock it. He released his hold on the blood, letting it drop to the floor, leaving a few drops he could easily clean up later. It took less than a second to get the thing open, the lock giving easily with the spikes no longer holding it in place.

"Heal yourself up, I don't want to clean up even more blood."

"I... I can't."

"So you lied."

The teen's eyes widened before they quickly shook his head, hands flying out as if it would help keep Techno away from them.

"No, no I didn't! I can heal but just not myself, I swear I didn't lie to you!"

"Prove it." The kid looked at him confused, arms freezing in their movement. "Every healing power type I've met or heard of has never been able to not heal themselves, not a single one could heal others either. So prove you aren't lying." He offered his thumb, knowing it was a small wound that was already clotting but if the kid could heal others he needed proof.

Ranboo looked from him to his thumb, swallowing before nodding. Hands hovered over his own, the teen focusing solely on the minor injury. At first, nothing was happening, Techno was ready to call them out on their blatant lie, but before he could say anything the skin started stitching back together. There was a soft golden glow around both the kid's hands and the healing puncture wound, it only faded once there was no sign of an injury even being on his thumb.

"See. I can't heal myself, but I can heal everyone else."

Huh. Kid wasn't lying. Well, this changed some things. Instead of a threat, the kid could easily be an asset to him, a walking medkit. Chat had other ideas though, yelling at him for even thinking of using the kid.

Glowing boy!

BAD TECHNO!

You can't use them!

Ranboo isn't a tool!

You can't use bird baby!

Sadly they were right. He couldn't use a person like a tool or a weapon, he had been used like that before and he refused to let it happen again. What kind of hypocrite would it make him if he became the user instead of the used? He wasn't going to use the kid, not like that at least. He'd still be using Ranboo as a hostage but he wasn't going to exploit them for his ability.

"Seems you weren't lying."

Well, now what? What does he have to do to take care of a kid? You have to feed them right? What did kids eat? Man he wishes Phil was here to do all of this.

"So uh... you want a beer?"

Chat has claimed the child
They aren't giving him up anytime soon
🧡(◉_◉)👉📋

Lost and forgotten

Chapter Summary

This is my longest chapter yet~
6k+ words

I have a life I swear
꧁(◉_◉)꧂👉📖

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood
Needles (Not used like needles)
Death/Murder
Mentions of Animal Death
Drowning
Suffocation/Choking
Panic Attacks
Self-Gaslighting
Kidnapping
Mentions of Drugs
Mentions of Alcohol
Mentions of Underage Drinking
Manipulation
Conditioning
Mentions of Corpses/Dead Bodies
Spider/Spider Death
Claustrophobia/Tight Spaces
Mentions of Abuse

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Healing..."

"Healing?"

They had no reason to lie to this man, anyway if he did then they would probably get themselves killed over such a simple thing. Sure he was leaving out some important details, but

that technically wasn't lying... right? It was a half-truth, and they doubted the second half of his ability would come up anyway, so there was no need to share this information. Dream had always said that people would try and take advantage of their revival power, which no one else should know.

"I'll take off the suppressor, but if you try anything I'm putting it back on. Got it?"

Ranboo nodded furiously, they didn't want to find out if this man was bluffing or not. Boar skull guy finished up with the rope bindings, dropping them before focusing on the suppressor. The teen wasn't sure how he would be getting the thing off, usually you needed the key or a code to even unlock the thing. They really hoped the man wasn't just going to try and rip the thing off of him, that would probably take their hand off with it. Suppressors stabbed into the skin and held on like a hook, making it a lot harder to remove the device; and a lot more painful for the person wearing it.

One thing he hadn't expected was for kidnapper man to poke himself with his ring, a ring that held a hidden metal spike. At first, Ranboo was just confused, what was the point of doing that? But then the blood from the tiny puncture wound formed into a needle, blood solidifying making it almost look like ice but red instead of clear. That was shocking, but it also intrigued the younger male, he hadn't seen an ability like this. Dream's power wasn't visible and Sapnap's ability was extremely flashy, being able to create sparks that turned into bursts of flames. But this person's ability was interesting, it didn't seem flashy but it still held the potential to be a showstopper.

The whole time the man poked around the suppressor with his blood needle, Ranboo watched him like a hawk. They were trying to figure out how the man kept his blood condensed close enough to make it into something that wouldn't shatter like glass, it must have taken immense concentration, or at least they would assume so. The blonde stayed quiet as the man worked, they didn't want to distract him and get poked or stabbed with the blood needle.

Eventually, though the little green light dimmed, the suppressor powered down. They could already feel that nausea and exhaustion fade away, the circle of metal spikes being pulled back into the suppressor. The guy's blood lost its shape, falling to the floor and leaving a small puddle of red behind. He looked over the device before simply prying it open, the lock clicking open easily. Really, how strong was this guy?!

"Heal yourself up, I don't want to clean up even more blood."

Oh no. This was going to be an issue. The man was under the assumption that Ranboo could heal himself, which was the exact opposite of what they could do. He's met another healer once, the hero agency always had at least one around. While they couldn't heal others they still were usually in some medical field, which was always helpful. When Ranboo spoke with a healer, he couldn't remember their name anymore, but they spoke about how healers could heal themselves while not being able to heal others. And when Ranboo stated that his ability didn't work like that they didn't believe him, just thought he was trying to get attention; and maybe he was actually just looking for attention. But now came this issue, would boar skull man kill them because he couldn't heal himself?

"I... I can't."

"So you lied."

The teen's eyes widened before they quickly shook his head, hands flying out as if it would help keep the man away from them. That was the last thing he would do, if they lied then this man could easily snap him like a twig. He needed to convince the other that they didn't lie, that he had been telling the truth.

"No, no I didn't! I can heal but just not myself, I swear I didn't lie to you!"

"Prove it. Every healing power type I've met or heard of has never been able to not heal themselves, not a single one could heal others either. So prove you aren't lying." The man offered his thumb, the small hole was already clotted and would heal by itself if left alone.

Ranboo looked from the man to his thumb, swallowing before nodding. Their hands hovered over the other's, the teen focusing solely on the minor injury. At first, nothing was happening, he really hoped the other wouldn't yell at him over being slow, it's not their fault it takes a second to work. His power needs to know how bad an injury is before it can heal it, otherwise, he could put too little or too much power into it and accidentally hurt someone. Slowly the skin started stitching back together, new flesh growing to cover the wound. There was a soft golden glow around both of their hands and the healing puncture wound, it only faded once there was no sign of an injury even having been there.

"See. I can't heal myself, but I can heal everyone else."

The man was silent, just taking his hand back and looking over his thumb. Ranboo really hoped they hadn't screwed up, what if it left a faint scar? Would the boar skull guy be upset about that? They tried to make sure to not leave a scar behind but sometimes there was nothing they could do about it.

"Seems you weren't lying."

Their head snapped up to the man, nerves still alight under his skin. So they hadn't screwed up? Everything was fine? Oh, thank gods. Ranboo wasn't sure what he'd do if the guy got mad at them, they'd probably try to run if that happened. Not that he doubted he'd get far, the guy was built like a tank but he was fast and could easily catch the lanky teen in a matter of seconds.

"So uh... you want a beer?"

Huh? A... beer? Was his kidnapper offering them alcohol? Did he not know that Ranboo was still a minor? They should probably correct that line of thinking, but then again if he talked back what would the man do? Dream wouldn't accept any sass or attitude, even if the younger blonde had no intention of doing so. Any back-talking got them locked in the birdcage for a few hours or meal privileges were taken away for the rest of the day, would boar mask guy do something like that? They doubted he had a birdcage, though it was always a possibility, so it would probably be their meals.

Wait.

Was this guy even going to give them food? How long was Ranboo supposed to remain here? A few hours? Days? Weeks? Why were they even taken in the first place? He wasn't the man's priority, that was obvious when the two had stared at each other through the golden bars of the birdcage. So why was he even here? They should figure that out, it would help him know how long to expect to be held hostage.

"Um... no thank you? I'm, uh sixteen."

"So?"

The blonde just stared at the man in confused shock. Did he not understand how that would be underage drinking? How that was illegal? Maybe he just didn't care? He's already committed several crimes in the past hour of Ranboo knowing him, so maybe one more seemed like nothing.

"I- No thank you."

The man shrugged before turning to walk into the kitchen. The room was connected to the living room, only a half-wall dividing the areas. The man walked over to his fridge before rummaging around in it, looking for something. While he did that the blonde took a moment to look around the place, he didn't dare get off the couch, fear of being yelled at kept them sitting on the uncomfortable furniture. There was a spring digging into their thigh, he ignored it as best he could.

The place looked somewhat run-down, not horribly so but enough to be obvious. It had a bit of a musty smell, again it wasn't that bad but once you knew it was there it was all you could focus on. There was a box television sitting on a small wooden table that sat pushed up against the back wall, antenna duct-taped together with colorful wires sticking out.

His gaze snapped over at the sound of the fridge closing, a somewhat loud slam echoing in the mostly empty apartment. The blonde stared at the pinkette, unsure what to do in this situation. Apparently, boar mask guy had found what he was looking for, holding up a can.

"I got SpagettiO's. Kids can eat that right?"

Absentmindedly Ranboo nodded in reply, unsure why his literal kidnapper was trying to offer them food. Was it poisoned? Or drugged? Still, the blonde's stomach didn't care, rumbling loud enough for the other to hear. They looked away quickly, shame and embarrassment washing over him.

There were some clinking noises and the sound of drawers shutting before boar mask guy came over, an open can with a spoon sticking out of it appeared in front of them. He was too dumbfounded to comment on the strangeness of all of this, still they took the offered item. The teen stared at the can of SpaghettiO's, unsure if he was actually allowed to eat this; or if they should.

"Look you can either eat or starve, I don't really care either way, but don't waste my food kid."

They flinched before nodding, grabbed the spoon, and scooped out some circle noodles. The couch dipped next to them, boar mask had plopped down with his own can. His mask was moved to the side, only showing his mouth while leaving the rest of his face hidden. Ranboo wasn't sure how to feel about this man, so far he was relatively nice while still remaining downright terrifying. This was also the guy who just kidnapped him, so Ranboo should be a lot more scared of him than he is right now. The guy gave them food, better food than Dreams been giving them; he may have wings but that didn't mean they could live off seeds and stale bread alone.

"Stop staring."

Their head snapped back down to their can, shoveling mediocre noodles and marinara sauce into his mouth. He didn't want this guy mad at them, they weren't convinced that boar mask guy wouldn't hurt him for doing anything to anger the man. The two ate silently, neither willing to start a conversation. It was only after the pinkette placed his empty can on the lopsided coffee table that any sound started up.

"So, I figure I need to lay down some ground rules." Ranboo glanced up at him, peeking out from behind their bangs. The man continued on, his boar mask placed once more across his entire face. "I want to keep this arrangement as simple and civil as I can, which means I need you to cooperate. I'll keep you unrestrained as long as you don't try anything stupid, like running or trying to attack me. I won't harm you as long as behave, I don't want you here as much as you don't want to be here. As soon as I get what I need you'll be free to go back to your life. Understand."

The blonde made sure to pay attention, they didn't know how long they would be stuck with boar mask so it would be best to follow his rules. They nodded once he had finished speaking, hands wrapped tightly around the half-empty can of SpaghettiO's. The rules seemed simple enough, but Dream's rules were always simple too and Ranboo still managed to break them; constantly.

"What-uh... What do you need?" Ranboo, don't go asking your literal kidnapper why you were kidnapped! Why would they even ask that?! He doesn't need to know! "Maybe I can... help?" They were just digging themselves an even deeper hole, might as well make it six feet and bury himself. Offering to help his kidnapper? Really?! What was wrong with them?!

The man just stared at them, and Ranboo stared right back. He knew he messed up, their brother always got mad when he asked stupid questions. No doubt boar mask man would be upset with them as well.

"I'm guessing you know the hero Dream, seeing as I found you in his place. Well, he has something he shouldn't, something no one should have access to. So, I'm taking it and destroying it."

Well, he wasn't wrong with Ranboo knowing Dream, though they should probably keep his relationship to the hero a secret, who knows what boar mask would do if he found out the two were siblings. But what did Dream have that this man could possibly want? Money? Power? Some huge government secret?

"What is this thing? Maybe I know about it?"

"Doubtful, Dream wouldn't share such a thing with anyone. But..." The man tilted his head, probably looking over the teen. Ranboo straightened slightly, growing tense at the focused attention. "If he did, say have something to bring people back from the dead, where would he keep it?"

Ranboo froze, hand threatening to strangle the can in his grip. The thing his kidnapper was looking for... to destroy... was them. Oh, he was beyond screwed at this point, they might as well be dead already. Boar mask guy had what he was looking for sitting less than a foot away from him, and he had no idea. All that fear that had been pushed down flared right back up, knocking the air right out of his lungs. They were going to die.

"You know something."

It wasn't a question. The man must have noticed how tense Ranboo got at the mention of revival, figuring they knew something about what he was looking for. The blonde shook his head quickly, the motion wouldn't convince anyone and they knew it. The pinkette stood, stepping to stand in front of the teen, looming over him. He got close, Ranboo had to lean back to try and avoid the other, still the boar mask was inches from his face.

"Make both of our lives easier and tell me what and where it is kid."

They swallowed nervously, eyes locked on the skull's own void black holes. His next words could either save their life or end it, they needed to not screw this up like he did everything else. But like usual, when did Ranboo not mess up and do something dumb?

"Me."

"You."

They hummed in reply, mouth set in a thin line. He was dead. They were totally dead. This boar skull masked man, who kidnapped them while looking for a revival item to destroy, was now going to destroy them. Well he can't say he's had a nice life, it was decent they suppose, but hey maybe now Dream wouldn't have to take care of such a screwup of a sibling.

"You." The man repeated, still way too close for Ranboo's liking. Still, they nodded, as much as he could without slamming his head into the black skull in front of them. "You're telling me that you; a lanky kid with wings is what Dream uses to revive people."

Again the blonde hummed in reply, too scared to say anything else to the man. They really hoped the guy wouldn't ask them to prove it as he had with the healing. While Ranboo has seen enough dead bodies to not be freaked out by them it didn't mean they enjoyed reviving people, it sucked and he'd rather not do it unless necessary.

"And how do I know you're not lying to me right now?"

"I could prove it?"

Wow, Ranboo was bad at keeping his big mouth shut. Now they'd have to revive someone or multiple people! And what if this guy's brought them a dead body and it was too late? Then they'd be labeled a liar and probably killed.

The man backed off, still looming over the cowering teen but no longer in their face. Ranboo still watched the man, unsure what he'd have them resurrect for him. They hoped it wasn't an animal, those were always so much sadder to deal with; especially if they failed. The pinkette glanced to the side before walking towards one of the corners of the room, reaching up and grabbing something before walking back. The boar skull guy stood in front of them once more, opening up his hand to hold out a freshly killed spider.

Okay, they could work with that. Glancing up at the skull, when the man didn't say anything Ranboo took it as his cue to do what they said they could. So he placed the half-full can down next to his kidnapper's empty one before they plucked the dead spider from the man's hands. They placed it onto their own palm, other hand covering the arachnid.

Taking a deep breath Ranboo focused on the light weight of the spider in his hands, making sure that was all that was on their mind. It took a second but he felt that pulse of life, dim and fading fast. He was still within the timeframe, they could bring the spider back. So they did, they pulled on that pulse, strengthening it so it beat more like a heart instead of the slow thumping it had been prior. Their hands glowed that same gold color before shifting to an almost white color, vision being obscured by that same white glow.

He inhaled sharply before their vision returned, breathing shallow but quick breaths. It took a second to reorient themselves but once he didn't feel like the world wasn't spinning way too fast they opened up their hands, a tiny brown spider was crawling around across his palm.

Now came the part where he died. Boar man said he wanted to destroy the thing that could revive others, and that thing was Ranboo Belvoi himself. The pinkette stared at their hand, his own moving to take the spider from them. Hands cupped the arachnid, lifting it up to look over the small being as if this was some elaborate trick. Ranboo wishes it was some trick, that they couldn't do what he could. Their head snapped up to the boar mask man when he spoke, unsure what the other was feeling due to his monotone voice.

"So you weren't lying. This makes my job a lot easier."

"Please don't kill me."

"Heh?"

The blonde wasn't sure if begging for his life would work, maybe if they promised to be useful he could remain breathing. His kidnapper looked to him, head tilted slightly. He still held the tiny spider in his cupped hands, if he wasn't so scary looking he'd almost look like a confused dog.

"I can be useful! Killing me would be unbeneficial! I can-"

"Easy kid, I'm not going to kill you."

Well, that wasn't what he said less than five minutes ago! He had said he wanted to destroy the thing, that no one should have that kind of power. Ranboo agreed with that part, no one should be able to force someone back into the living world, and yet they possessed said ability. Still, he didn't want to die over it!

"But you said-"

"I know what I said, but that was when I was under the impression it was an item, not a person. I'm not going to just kill some kid because of their ability, but this does throw a hitch in my plans." The pinkette sighed, lowering the spider to the ground before watching it sprint off to who knows where. The man then looked back over at Ranboo, the blonde stiffening even more if that was even possible at this point. "I said I wouldn't harm you if you cooperated, and I don't go back on my word. But this does mean I can't give you back to Dream or any of the heroes."

"So then... what are you going to do with me?"

Ranboo wasn't sure he wanted an answer to that question, they shouldn't be questioning anything, he should instead be grateful they were still breathing. The man pinched the bridge of his skull mask, probably a habit that never got broken. His kidnapper groaned, shoulders slumping before sitting down on the coffee table; Ranboo was surprised it remained standing under the other's weight.

"Look, Ranboo right?" The teen nodded, anxiety building the longer the man remained silently staring at them. "We may end up stuck together for a bit longer than planned, at least until I can find a place to keep you out of any of the heroes' hands and under supervision."

"But I have to go back with Dream... we... I... I have to." They didn't want to have to explain that the hero and him were actually related, but boar skull man said they weren't going to hurt him. But Dream said that and a lot of the time they ended up hurt somehow, so who was to say this man wasn't lying as well? This information could also convince the other to let them go back to the hero headquarters, back to Dream. "I have to go back to Dream, he's my... we're siblings. I have to go back."

"Was your brother the one who locked you in that birdcage?" They clenched their fists on their lap, shoulders raising as if he could hide himself. Their wings stayed tucked close, they were trying to keep the limbs as small as possible. "Judging by that reaction, I'm going to take that as a yes."

The teen didn't look at the man, just kept their head down and gaze focused on the floor and the now dry red stain. He felt shame crawl up their back, it was always embarrassing when someone found them while in the midst of being punished; though that someone was usually Sapnap. Wait. This would be the second time someone took them out of their punishment early.

Oh, Dream was going to be furious. Forget a simple Manhunt, their brother would use an even worse punishment for this level of disobedience. He might even take them down to the pool again, locking them under the pool cover for hours on end. He'd be stuck in the pitch black, freezing water surrounding them. Wings too heavy to lift, weighing them down. Their

cries being muffled by the whirring of the filters left to cry out for help even though he knew no one would be coming to save them. He'd drown, water would go down their throat and fill their lungs. Breathing was getting harder, was there water in his lungs right now? Were they drowning? How long have they been in the pool? Was Dream going to let him out soon? They were drowning, they were drowning, drowning, drowning, drown-

Two warm hands were on his face, directing their head over. Their gaze met a black skull, a boar skull. Right, boar skull man, the guy who kidnapped them. They weren't in the pool, he hadn't been in the pool, they were safe from drowning. The blonde was trembling, their breath shallow, and his heart threatening to beat out of their chest. It felt as if a metal band was wrapped around their chest, squeezing his lungs and making it difficult to breathe properly. Almost like he was drowning... drowning in the pool... where no one was going to save them... drowning.

"Hey kid, Ranboo. Come on kid you need to breathe."

The low voice brought them back again, focus landing back onto the boar skull in front of them. Right, not in the pool. They were fine, not drowning. Apologies spilled from their mouth, knowing they need to apologize as soon as possible. Dream hated when they started freaking out over nothing, always saying that he could give them something to freak out over since that's what they wanted. It wasn't, it was never what he wanted. Still, they apologized, practically begging, for what Ranboo wasn't sure but they didn't stop.

"Yeesh, kid calm down. It's fine, it was just a panic attack. You're fine, just breathe."

They could do that, breath sputtering when he tried to breathe in. Why was breathing so difficult? He could feel warm tears overflowing, hiccuping as quiet as they could. Dream hated hearing him cry, always stating that they did so for attention and pity. Maybe he was right? Were they doing that now too? His apologies picked up, even more, knowing they were probably making things even worse for the boar skull man.

"Okay, this isn't working."

Those warm hands left him and they whined at the loss of contact, but he didn't dare chase it. Last time they did so he ended up with a kick to the stomach, and they didn't want that happening again. The hands returned a few seconds later, maneuvering their head to face... someone. They didn't know this person, but after taking into account the pink hair and how the hands were attached to this person, they'd assume this is boar skull guy minus the boar skull.

The man's eyes were reddish-brown, almost maroon-looking. Multiple tiny scars littered his face, some looking older than the rest. Their eyes traced over a few of the more prominent ones, focusing on the other's face and keeping himself present. The man was telling them to breathe again, to follow after him. The pinkette took an exaggerated breath, trying to get Ranboo to copy him which they did. Whenever they failed and couldn't inhale enough or coughed they apologized again, boar man just made them focus on breathing again.

Eventually, breathing became easier, tension draining as exhaustion started kicking in. When was the last time he panicked that hard? They couldn't remember, but they did know that it

usually ended with him passing out after a lack of air. But he was still conscious right now, still feeling horrible and twitchy but no longer panicking hard enough to cease breathing. Now all he felt was guilty and embarrassed, they freaked out over nothing, panicked for absolutely no reason.

"You good now?"

They nodded slowly, avoiding the man's eyes. The hands released them, their own arms curled around them like a make-shift hug. They wanted to go crawl into a corner and hide, be away from the heavy weight of the boar man's stares. Their wings curled around him, trying to provide the comfort he sought. The man sighed, standing up from his crouched position. When had he moved? They were ready to be told off, to get yelled at, maybe even laughed at.

But none of those came, instead, a heavy fabric was thrown over them. He sputtered and squirmed before they were able to pull the fabric off of their head. Looking down at the fabric he realized it wasn't just some blanket, no instead it was the huge red cloak boar man had been wearing. The white fur tickled against his skin when they ran a hand through it, it was beyond soft. Still, they were confused why the man dropped the apparel on them. Glancing up they could see the man was already heading towards the kitchen, back to them.

"Get some sleep kid, you look half dead as it is."

Were they supposed to just hold onto this then? He didn't want to assume they were allowed to borrow the cloak, it looked and felt way too expensive for them to be touching. Yet they couldn't help but rub the fabric between their fingers, the texture was pleasant and Ranboo didn't want to release the red cloak anytime soon. It was heavy as well, warmth from the boar man was still clinging to the fabric. They opened their mouth to question if he truly was allowed to even touch the thing, but after a second of no words leaving them, he merely shut their mouth. The cloak was nearly big enough to cover them and their wings if he was curled up, their blankets had never been able to do that before.

The blonde was already starting to drift off, eyes feeling heavy as exhaustion threatened to drag him down into the realm of sleep. They perked up a bit when boar man sat down on the couch next to them, remote in his hand. The television turned on, volume lowering almost immediately, the man was flicking through the channels. His eyes glanced over at them, it was still not fully registering that this was skull guy.

"Just go to sleep kid, nothin's gonna hurt you."

Funnily enough, Ranboo actually believed him. They didn't trust the guy, but they did trust that the man wasn't going to hurt them at this moment.

"What's your name?"

They had mumbled out, eyes half-lidded as they watched the pinkette. The man seemed to pause, probably debating if he should tell Ranboo his name or not. The blonde figured he'd remain silent and simply ignore the question altogether, but a low voice answered right before the teen drifted off fully.

"Technoblade."

There was movement next to them, it was confusing. Ranboo slept alone, on a too-small bed with a thin small blanket. But right now he felt warm, so incredibly warm that it almost burned, yet it felt comforting. The low constant mumbling they heard grew a bit in volume, turning into actual voices.

"-ay. I have just been informed that the hero known as Dream has requested a few moments for an important announcement."

That woke him up, eyes blinking blurrily as they pushed themselves up. At some point he must have curled up on the couch, the warm cape shifting as they sat up. The man, Technoblade, was watching the television with a frown. He was leaning forward, hands steepled in front of his mouth while his elbows rested on his knees. The man's once braided pink hair was now loose and cascading down his back, he'd also changed at some point. Now instead of his off-white shirt and brown pants, he wore a simple grey t-shirt with black sweatpants, it made him a lot less intimidating.

"We come to you live at the central plaza where the hero Dream will shortly be making a huge announcement! My guess is that it's about a new rising hero! I've heard some of the heroes had taken on some heroes-in-training, so perhaps one of them is becoming a hero! Oh! There he is folks!"

The screen showed the camera focusing on their brother, a few of Dream's colleagues and other heroes were standing on a simple wooden stage. They didn't know how long they'd been asleep but they'd guess not long if Dream still didn't realize he was gone yet.

The hero tapped on the mic, creating three loud noises before the crowd settled down. Dream took a second, silent as he looked over the crowd with a frown on his face.

"I wish I had good news for you all today, or no news at all. But today I must bring you some sad news, news that I never thought I'd hear."

Ranboo's attention was focused on the screen, confused about what their brother was talking about. What sad news? Why did Dream look on the brink of tears? What happened?

"A few hours ago someone broke into the hero headquarters, bypassing all of our security measures. I'm sure some of you saw him fleeing the scene, that man was none other than the Blood God himself; The Blade. Now Blade is wanted for many things, making him one of the most dangerous individuals alive. But today he hasn't caused any property damage, stolen any expensive items, or even stole any top-secret information. No today he took something even more important. That man took my little brother from me."

Technoblade made a 'tsk' noise off to their side, both sets of eyes remained locked on the screen though. Was Dream actually announcing their kidnapping so publicly? His brother didn't want Ranboo in the spotlight, a place the teen didn't want to be in anyway. No Dream was insistent that Ranboo remain a secret for as long as possible, that he didn't want them

being taken as a hostage just because they were close to the hero. And yet here he was announcing to the whole world that Ranboo existed and was now missing, it was extremely confusing.

The crowd on the television was shocked, exclamations being shouted out while gossip started forming. Being family with a hero was always a risky life, hence why so many heroes remained masked; Dream being one of the few who wasn't afraid to show his face to the public.

"Yes, I know this is some shocking news to find out but I ask that we don't focus on that part just yet. The Blade stole my sibling, kidnapped them." The blonde paused, taking a shaky breath before he continued, voice now cracking with emotion. "He slaughtered my baby brother and left their body in a dumpster, we only discovered him an hour or so ago. I just-"

The hero held a hand to his mouth, tears falling as he tried to breathe. Sapnap was at his side instantly, pulling him into a hug. The blonde shook as he cried, clinging to his friend. It took a few minutes for Dream to compose himself, meanwhile, the crowd was completely silent; no one knew how to react to such news.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to break down like that." Dream wiped away some tears, sniffing before he continued on. "I'm going to be taking a break from heroism for a bit, I need time to process my sibling's death. No, his murder. And I ask this of you all, if anyone has any information on the Blade please give it to the hero association so we can bring this man to justice. I don't want him taking away anyone's siblings or family, he needs to pay for his crimes and all the blood he has shed."

The blonde took a breath, hand gripping the microphone like a lifeline. *"A funeral will be held for my little brother on the fourteenth, I ask that everyone can come and wish my baby sibling safe travels through the void so he can be reunited with our parents in eternal peace."*

Dream released the mic before moving back, Sapnap guided him from the stage. The news station was silent, as was the crowd. No one spoke, either too in shock or unsure what to say. Even Ranboo was in shock. A body? Slaughtered? They were right here, breathing and very much alive. Did Dream actually think they were dead? How?

"Looks like you've been cast aside."

"What?"

They looked over at the pinkette who was still frowning at the screen, brown eyes flicked to look at them.

"You've been announced dead unless you have another sibling who somehow died today."

"I-I don't."

"Then you've been killed off. Dream's made you into a martyr to raise his own popularity, a good way to rack pity points while still keeping his reputation. It's smart."

What? That couldn't be true. Dream had been crying! He was upset over Ranboo's supposed death! He was devastated! Ranboo's never seen the older blonde cry, not even at their parents' funerals! So he had to have truly believed that Ranboo was dead. Right?

"Well, now you definitely can't go back." The man stood, heading to the kitchen. He pulled out a bag before beginning to toss in various cans. "If you go back they'll surely kill you on the spot. That or lock you away in some underground cell to rot away."

"Dream wouldn't-"

"Kid." The pinkette froze, staring right at them, a frown still present on his face. "Dream is many things to the public, and a liar isn't one of them. You being alive means he lied, and he can't have that. So either he has to have you actually killed or he catches you and keeps you trapped in something much worse than some birdcage."

Images of the pool flashed in their head, he shook them off as much as they could. Trying to not throw themselves back into a panic, even though that panic was already threatening to take over again.

"Face it, kid. Dream would rather have a dead brother than ruin his status."

Chapter End Notes

MMMMM Peer Pressure Bonding~

Elysian Villain

Chapter Summary

🌀(///'w'///)🌀📖

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Death/Murder
Kidnapping
Mentions of Panic Attacks
Manipulation
Gaslighting
Conditioning
Abandonment

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Well, Technoblade's plans were worthless now. He had planned on the revival item being just that; an item, not some random kid he happened to kidnap and hold for ransom. He hadn't believed the kid at all when they said they could resurrect people, that just wasn't a possibility. Healing others? It sounded fake but not impossible. Bringing someone back from the dead? Yeah, no that wasn't something a person could just do. Yet the kid, Ranboo could do it.

Chat had gone completely silent when the blonde revealed a living spider instead of the dead one he had given them, it was the first time in years that Chat was completely silent. Of course, this hadn't lasted long, it never does.

OMG HE DID IT!!!

LITERAL ANGEL CHILD

WE TOLD YOU TECHNO!!!

Technodumb

We are keeping them!!

And now Chat was even more attached to the kid, great this was just what he needed. He can't kill the kid, well he could but then he'd have Chat never let him live it down; they'd make his life a living hell. Anyway, he wasn't just a murderer, the people he killed deserved what they got. This kid hasn't done anything wrong, at least nothing Techno could figure out. It would be messed up if he killed this kid because of their ability, it wasn't Ranboo's fault he was born with such a power.

Then the kid had to start panicking, begging for his life like Techno was just going to stab them on his couch. He knows he said he wanted to destroy the thing, but now that said thing was actually some lanky teenager it changed things. He couldn't just let the kid go back to the heroes, they'd just use him again and could abuse such a power. The heroes already had the public enamored with them, all the corruption was easily looked over when one of the heroes saved some kid's cat from a tree. If Dream has this kid under his control then the smiling hero would be able to get away with practically anything he wanted, it wasn't something he could let happen.

Sadly that meant he was stuck with the kid, at least until he found a place to stash them away from the heroes' hands. He didn't want to play babysitter to some winged kid, no matter how much his Chat wanted him to. They would have to suck it up and accept the fact that this kid wasn't going to be staying with them permanently. The voices obviously disliked that thought, screaming how they refused to give up the kid.

BAD TECHNO!!

We aren't getting rid of the child

Ranboo our Beloved!!!

Beloved Bird Baby!!!!

OURS

He'd need to convince them or give them something new to focus on, he didn't want to deal with years of the voices screaming at him because they didn't get their way. Chat was petty like that, they'd keep him awake at night over this. They've done it once before over a picture of a horse, it wasn't even the horse itself, no they got attached to a literal picture. When that photo got destroyed Chat wouldn't shut up about it for weeks, and trying to replace it just made their screams grow in volume.

So he informed Ranboo about the change of plans, the kid didn't seem to take the news well. They were talking about how they had to go back, how he and Dream were siblings. Now, this was news to him, he hadn't known the hero had any family left. The man spoke about the death of his parents constantly, always bringing it up for sympathy, which he always got. So finding out that the kid he found locked away was related to the hero left a bad taste in his mouth, you'd think family would care about each other but the world is a cruel place, and this was a prime example.

Maybe he should have been less blunt about his observation, but words weren't exactly his forte. Ranboo ended up panicking, even more, going into a full-blown attack. The kid was so

out of it that it was obvious even to Technoblade, they weren't even breathing. Now he wasn't new to panic attacks, he's had his fair share, and he's helped Wilbur through some of his so he had a bit of knowledge on what he should do. He got their focus for a few seconds before he had to drag them back out of their own head, but he kept slipping back into himself.

So he sucked up his own anxiety and removed his mask, the lack of weight felt uncomfortable but something about keeping eye contact was supposed to help during things like this. At least it helped with Wil, so hopefully, this tactic applied to the kid as well. Their mismatched eyes locked onto his own before looking over his face, he wasn't a huge fan of the attention but the kid was present now so he could suck it up for a bit.

Eventually, the kid was no longer wheezing for air, probably still twitchy but no longer outright panicking, which was good. Chat was demanding he comfort the kid, but when has the Blade ever comforted someone? He can't even remember the last time he comforted anyone, so how was he going to be able to do it now. Still, he tried, tossing his cloak over the kid. He wasn't soft, he just didn't want the kid freezing to death or something. His heater was broken and the kid was a literal twig, so the logical solution is to hand over his cloak.

Ranboo settled pretty easily, already exhausted and drifting off. Though before fully falling asleep they asked for his name, and Techno wasn't sure if he should answer. Usually, he wouldn't, why would he give his name out so easily? But if he was going to be stuck with the kid for the foreseeable future they'd eventually find out anyway, so he answered them. He regretted it a second later but he couldn't take it back now, it was too late.

A few hours passed, Ranboo ended up curled up on the couch with his cloak wrapped around them like a blanket. Chat was cooing and gushing over the scene, he didn't get their infatuation with this teenager. They were protective and they've only known the kid for a day at most, yet the voices seemed ready to kill for the kid. He's heard a few calling for Dream's blood, which was normal but this time they wanted it for Ranboo's sake instead. He tried distracting them with random shows, nothing was really working though.

I don't want to watch this, it's boring.

Go back to the crime show!!

No! It's all fake!!

Wait go back!!

GO BACK!!

He listened, flipping back to some news channel. They usually didn't agree on a show for long, so he didn't expect them to grow silent until he started listening to the news reporter. It was a young woman, she seemed new to her job but she had the right attitude for a newscaster.

"-ay. I have just been informed that the hero known as Dream has requested a few moments for an important announcement."

Oh? The pinkette leaned forward, growing interested in what the most popular hero could be announcing. There were many things Dream could be planning; he could be announcing his missing sibling, he could be calling for Techno's head, or maybe he was going to keep this all a secret by announcing some big fundraiser or something. He could feel the shuffling from the other side of the couch, the kid must have woken up. The villain kind of hoped they would remain asleep for this, whatever Dream said would affect Ranboo in some way.

"We come to you live at the central plaza where the hero Dream will shortly be making a huge announcement! My guess is that it's about a new rising hero! I've heard some of the heroes had taken on some heroes-in-training, so perhaps one of them is becoming a hero! Oh! There he is folks!"

The camera focused on a simple wooden stage, zooming in on the green hero and the other government officials around him. The hero tapped on the mic, creating three loud noises before the crowd settled down. Dream took a second, silent as he looked over the crowd with a frown on his face.

"I wish I had good news for you all today, or no news at all. But today I must bring you some sad news, news that I never thought I'd hear."

This was going to not go well for him, for Dream this would probably gain him even more popularity. Everyone loved a tragic hero and Dream made himself into one almost perfectly. So now he was adding to his lie, tightening those puppet strings around the public and gaining even more control.

"A few hours ago someone broke into the hero headquarters, bypassing all of our security measures. I'm sure some of you saw him fleeing the scene, that man was none other than the Blood God himself; The Blade. Now Blade is wanted for many things, making him one of the most dangerous individuals alive. But today he hasn't caused any property damage, stolen any expensive items, or even stole any top-secret information. No today he took something even more important. That man took my little brother from me."

Technoblade made a 'tsk' noise, both sets of eyes remained locked on the screen though. Of course, he'd say that, blaming him for everything while he stood up on his stage and painted the picture of a tragic story. The crowd on the television was shocked, exclamations being shouted out while gossip started forming.

"Yes, I know this is some shocking news to find out but I ask that we don't focus on that part just yet. The Blade stole my sibling, kidnapped them." The blonde paused, taking a shaky breath before he continued, voice now cracking with emotion. "He slaughtered my baby brother and left their body in a dumpster, we only discovered him an hour or so ago. I just-"

The hero held a hand to his mouth, tears falling as he tried to breathe. Sapnap was at his side instantly, pulling him into a hug. The blonde shook as he cried, clinging to his friend. It took a few minutes for Dream to compose himself, meanwhile, the crowd was completely silent; no one knew how to react to such news. He was playing his part perfectly, no one would doubt this performance and whoever did would be silenced immediately.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to break down like that." Dream wiped away some tears, sniffing before he continued on. "I'm going to be taking a break from heroism for a bit, I need time to process my sibling's death. No, his murder. And I ask this of you all, if anyone has any information on the Blade please give it to the hero association so we can bring this man to justice. I don't want him taking away anyone's siblings or family, he needs to pay for his crimes and all the blood he has shed."

The blonde took a breath, hand gripping the microphone like a lifeline. *"A funeral will be held for my little brother on the fourteenth, I ask that everyone can come and wish my baby sibling safe travels through the void so he can be reunited with our parents in eternal peace."*

Dream released the mic before moving back, Sapnap guided him from the stage. The news station was silent, as was the crowd. No one spoke, either too in shock or unsure what to say. Glancing over revealed the kid was also shocked, no doubt they expected their brother to come looking for him. Ranboo must have been under the same spell Dream used to get the public's love, playing his own sibling like he did everyone else. He looked back to the screen, the crowd was thinning and the newscaster was crying, she must have been moved by Dream's speech.

"Looks like you've been cast aside."

"What?"

They looked over at the pinkette who was still frowning at the screen, his gaze flicking over to them. Did the kid not get what was happening? Surely they understood the situation.

"You've been announced dead unless you have another sibling who somehow died today."

"I-I don't."

"Then you've been killed off. Dream's made you into a martyr to raise his own popularity, a good way to rack pity points while still keeping his reputation. It's smart."

"Well, now you definitely can't go back." Technoblade stood, heading to the kitchen. He pulled out a bag before beginning to toss in various cans, they couldn't remain so close now that the whole city was on the lookout for him. "If you go back they'll surely kill you on the spot. That or lock you away in some underground cell to rot away."

"Dream wouldn't-"

"Kid." The pinkette froze, staring right at them, a frown on his lips. "Dream is many things to the public, and a liar isn't one of them. You being alive means he lied, and he can't have that. So either he has to have you actually killed or he catches you and keeps you trapped in something much worse than some birdcage."

He needed to make Ranboo see the truth; Dream wasn't coming for them. The kid was abandoned, left to die or be killed, either way, the blonde would be dead. It was obvious the hero had no love for his own family, they were pawns to him in the end. Ranboo just might

have been a stronger piece, one Dream was willing to sacrifice just to win the game. It sucked but that was how the world worked, and the sooner the kid understood that the better.

"Face it, kid. Dream would rather have a dead brother than ruin his status."

He continued to stuff cans and water bottles into his bag, he only needed to take the most important things. Food, water, a lighter or two, an extra set of clothes, his weapons, any keepsakes he still had, and whatever was left of his medical supplies. It wasn't much, which was what was preferred, he didn't want to be lugging around unnecessary weight if he didn't need to. But now he could make the kid carry a bag or two, glancing over he decided he'd just give them one bag to carry; Ranboo didn't look like he'd be able to carry too much for long periods of time.

"What are you doing?"

The pinkette glanced over again, eyebrow raised. They couldn't be serious right? "Packing. We can't stay here." That seemed to confuse the kid, even more, he didn't have time to explain all of this. "Look, Dream probably already has our trail which means we need to lose him before he catches up. Sitting here will just make it easier for him to find us, so we are leaving. Now get up and hold this open."

The teenager scrambled off the couch and hurried over, taking the offered bag before holding it open. "If Dream has our trail, then we can't lose him." Techno let out a snort, yeah right he's gotten Dream to run in circles for hours before he gave up on his hunt. He could do it again, Dream still hasn't caught the Blade after a whole year of chasing.

"Kid trust me, I've dealt with Dream and his ability I know what I'm doing."

Reassure them better!

Scaredboo!!

TECHNOPROTECT

Keep the baby safe!!!

Poor Boo

And now they had a nickname for the kid, great just great. He huffed before dropping in more cans, figuring he could shove two more in before it became too heavy. "Look kid, Dream isn't hunting just me he's coming for you too." Ranboo jolted at that, grip white-knuckled on the bag. And this is why he wasn't good at comforting others. "Since I can't let Dream get a hold of you again that means I need to keep you safe from him, so I need you to cooperate with me here. I can only keep you safe if you do everything I tell you to when I tell you, got it?"

"Yes sir."

"Nah Nah, none of that sir stuff. Just call me Techno or something."

"Okay... Techno."

The pinkette nodded, he ran a hand through his hair as he planned out what else he needed. He had a bag set up for something like this but it only had enough stuff for himself, but with Ranboo now he'd need to double all of his supplies. He pulled his hair up into a bun, tucking it away so it would hold itself together without needing bands or pins, it would have to do for now.

"Now kid."

Ranboo looked at him, wings twitching with anxiety. The kid was a ball of nerves, he'd need to figure out how to not freak them out too much as they traveled; it would get hard out running Dream while also dealing with a panicky kid.

"Let's go out-smart the hunter."

Chapter End Notes

Now we are getting into the fun part~

Shorter chapter this time, next one should be longer~

Scarlet Genocide

Chapter Summary

This chapter is very dark
Please use caution when reading it

A summary will be in the end notes

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Death/Murder
Blood
Panic Attacks
Dismemberment
Manipulation
Gaslighting/Self-Gaslighting
Foul Language/Cursing
Dehumanization
Aftermath of Kidnapping
Wounds/Injuries
Mentions of Hypothermia/Frostbite
Alcohol/Drinking
Mentions of Throwing Up/Vomiting
Fighting/Violence
Yelling/Arguments
Ableist Comments

!!PLEASE USE CAUTION READING THIS CHAPTER!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo has come to the conclusion that Technoblade was indeed suicidal, no sane person would be excited to go against Dream. Yet here the man was, actively talking about how they'd outrun the hero like this was a daily occurrence for him. They were still unsure how to feel about his brother's announcement, the pinkette said Dream was just using them to make himself look better but Ranboo clung onto that sliver of hope that their brother was actually upset about his supposed death. Maybe he was being lied to? Maybe someone else in the hero

agency was lying to Dream about Ranboo? Or maybe Technoblade was right. Either way, it left the teenager confused and lost.

His kidnapper, was Technoblade still considered a kidnapper if he was now helping them? Their ex-kidnapper was shoving items into the bag they held open, various canned goods and water bottles were stuffed inside the cloth.

"Kid trust me, I've dealt with Dream and his ability I know what I'm doing."

That wasn't very reassuring to the blonde, if anything it made their anxiety grow even more. Did this man deal with Dream constantly? And if so why is he so nonchalant about it? Their brother was terrifying on a good day, and that was around them, he can't imagine how the older blonde is around criminals or lawbreakers.

"Look kid, Dream isn't hunting just me he's coming for you too." Ranboo jolted at that, grip white-knuckled on the bag. They hadn't expected Technoblade to address him, they kind of just expected the man to tell them what he wanted them to do for him. Maybe that's what he was going to do now and he wanted to make sure Ranboo was paying attention. That seemed logical. "Since I can't let Dream get a hold of you again that means I need to keep you safe from him, so I need you to cooperate with me here. I can only keep you safe if you do everything I tell you to when I tell you, got it?"

"Yes sir."

They could do that, he was used to following orders. Sure it would be strange to hear said orders come from someone other than their brother but orders were still orders. He would just need to pay attention to Technoblade and figure out how to read the pinkette, if he knew what the other was feeling it would help them know if they should approach with caution or hide and pray the intimidating man never found them.

"Nah Nah, none of that sir stuff. Just call me Techno or something."

That was beyond confusing. Ranboo understood his place, below Technoblade, yet the pinkette didn't want them to refer to him respectfully? Unless he was like Dream, where certain names were only used around certain people. The older blonde preferred for Ranboo to call him Dream around others when it was just the two of them he preferred Sir, but when he was really mad or extremely happy he demanded to be called Master. Ranboo no longer used his given name, the one time he called Dream 'Clay' ... well it ended painfully and being locked in the pool for the entire night. So they never said that name aloud ever again, he's also convinced their brain that Dream's name is Dream and nothing else.

So why did Technoblade want them to call him by a nickname? That didn't seem respectful, if anything it was disrespectful. The two weren't friends, in this situation Technoblade was just another Dream but he seemed nicer and let Ranboo get away with so much more than his sibling did. The man didn't yell at them for his pathetic panicking earlier, he actually helped draw them out of it. Still, this request was confusing. He could easily ignore it and proceed as they were used to but Technoblade told them to call him 'Techno' which was technically a command. So he came to the decision that it was in their best interest to listen to whatever Technoblade told them to do, even if it felt incredibly wrong.

"Okay... Techno."

The name left a bad taste in their mouth, it felt wrong to address the man like he was an equal when he was so much farther above Ranboo. Yet this was what was asked of them so he'd comply and listen, they were good at that; or well he tried to be. They hoped the man didn't get upset with them, the blonde could screw up so easily and they feared the wrath of this man. Dream was scary but they knew he never wanted to hurt them, but Technoblade was a complete stranger. Who's to say he won't just kill them when he can no longer handle Ranboo's stupidity?

"Now kid."

Ranboo looked at him, wings twitching with anxiety. He had gotten lost in their thoughts when he should have been paying attention. They were already screwing up and it hasn't even been five minutes, if things continued to proceed like this then Technoblade would no doubt be dumping their body into the ocean or something. Maybe if they asked nicely he could request that their body was not dumped into an ocean or another large body of water, he may be dead but it was still not a pleasant thought of their limp form surrounded by an endless abyss of water. He doubted his request would be followed but they would like to die believing Technoblade would respect their last wishes, even if their request seemed stupid or unnecessary.

"Let's go out-smart the hunter."

The blonde's eyes snapped up at the pinkette. Oh yeah, he was definitely insane if he thought he could out-smart Dream of all people. Yet the man seemed fully confident that he could achieve his goal, one that had not even a one percent chance of success. Ranboo didn't have much of a choice though, he was dead if they went back according to Technoblade and they were dead if they went with the pinkette to outrun Dream. Man, why couldn't his life have been easy? Who decided that this was the life Ranboo deserved? Did they piss off some god and this was the punishment? If so they are terribly sorry and swear to never do whatever it was again.

"See if you can fit any more cans or water bottles in there, I'll grab the other bags."

The pinkette was then heading to a room off to the side, disappearing out of sight. Now if Ranboo was a little braver he probably could have booked it to the front door and escaped, but the teen was a literal chocolate éclair and remained where they stood. They did what Technoblade asked, managing to shove in an extra water bottle before the pinkette returned. He took the bag in their hands before handing over one of the two bags he had brought out.

"You'll carry this one, it's lighter and you look like you'd crumble under the weight of the other bags."

Well, he wasn't wrong, the blonde was not the strongest of people. Even just holding up the bag of cans had started to strain their arms, they can't imagine lugging the thing around while actively avoiding Dream. Still, he slipped their arm through the straps, wearing the bag against their side. It was rather light, he was tempted to look through the items packed inside but Technoblade didn't say they could look through it so he kept his hands to himself.

The pinkette closed up the can bag before swinging it over his shoulder, the cans made an almost crashing sound but Technoblade didn't bring attention to the noise; Ranboo still flinched at the loud noise though. He glanced around the room, the blonde wasn't sure if he was looking for something or just saying goodbye to the apartment, either way, the teen didn't comment on the behavior.

"Let's go, it started snowing an hour or so ago. I'd rather travel through that and let the snow cover our tracks, it'll save time."

That made sense, but there was a super unimportant issue with this plan. For one Ranboo was currently not wearing shoes, he had socks but those weren't going to keep his feet warm, especially if hiking through snow. Secondly, the teen was not dressed for the weather, a lightweight hoodie and jeans was hardly a winter outfit. But of course, Ranboo did not want to bring either of these issues up, they were already inconveniencing Technoblade by making him leave his home. They could stay quiet and deal with it, that or die.

The pinkette grabbed his mask, slipping it over his face once more. Honestly, they weren't sure if that was better or worse, he no longer felt eyes on them but now they couldn't read the other's expression which could lead to problems. Technoblade also grabbed his cloak from the couch, he looked over the fabric before crossing the room back towards Ranboo. The blonde tensed up when the man's focus returned to them. Did he mess up something? Did they damage the cloak somehow? What if he drooled on the fabric?

A heavy weight settled on their shoulders, effectively shutting their panicking thoughts to go silent. The pinkette adjust the cloak before pulling the hood over their head, he hadn't even noticed it had a hood. It was warm, the fur lining brushed up against their face, tickling his skin. They wanted to question why the other was placing his cloak on them, he couldn't think of a logical answer though. So they didn't think and just asked, honestly Ranboo was going to get himself hurt if they keep speaking out of turn like this.

"Wha- Why, uh why... the cloak?"

It wasn't the most eloquent of questions but they are pretty sure he got his point across, somewhat. The pinkette's skull mask tilted up to look at them, with no expression to read the teen wasn't sure what to expect. Needless to say, they didn't expect the next words from Technoblade.

"Kid, just wear the thing so you won't freeze."

Okay, that made sense, but why his cloak? They could easily wear a jacket or something, he would think Technoblade would like his cloak back by now. But the man just walked away, opening a closet before digging around for something. He soon pulled out a worn jacket, it didn't look super warm and it even had a hole in one of the sleeves. Ranboo could have worn that instead of the expensive-looking cloak, but they weren't going to complain either; he didn't want to give up the warmth the cloak provided and they didn't want to question Technoblade's decision.

"What size are you?"

“Huh?”

“Shoe size kid, what shoe size?”

Oh, that made a lot more sense than the man asking for his height or weight in some weird roundabout way. Still, he answered, not wanting the pinkette to grow impatient with them.

“Uh... twelve I think.”

The click of a tongue was heard and Ranboo hunched, they messed up somehow again. He couldn't control their shoe size, it's not his fault, but still, Technoblade was upset because of them. The pinkette was rummaging around again, pulling out a set of scratched-up boots, they looked decent and even had some tread left.

“The biggest size I have is eleven, you'll have to make do with that until we can find something else.”

They nodded, that was fine, he could probably even work with size ten or nine shoes. It wouldn't be comfortable, but it would be better than freezing and losing their toes. The pinkette handed over the boots before pulling on his own, the teenager copied the movements with the borrowed shoes.

Once both were laced up and ready to go the pinkette ushered them out of the apartment, locking the door behind them. Ranboo wasn't sure why he did so, Technoblade had made it pretty clear that they wouldn't be returning so why would it matter if the door was locked or not? But again, the blonde remained silent and just followed after Technoblade.

“Here's the plan; we're leaving the city or at least get near the outskirts and lay low. We need to keep moving and remain unrecognizable.” They nodded along, understanding the unspoken rules. Stay hidden and don't draw attention, Ranboo could do that, he was more than happy to not be the center of attention. “You also need to stay close, if you wander off I can't guarantee your survival.”

“Got it. Stay close and don't draw attention.”

He repeated back as the two exited the building completely, snow was already starting to stick to the ground. Their breath puffed in front of them, he already missed the decent temperature of the apartment. Technoblade ushered them around the building, leading them into the back alleys. Ranboo wasn't too keen on traveling like this, but he wasn't in control so they needed to shut up and follow orders.

“Dream will probably find us at some point.” Ranboo tensed, footsteps freezing for half a second before returning to their pace behind the man. They didn't reply to Technoblade, understanding that this wasn't something the man would want a reply to. “But there's a difference between finding and catching, he may find us but he won't be catching us.”

They didn't think there was much of a difference actually, once Dream had either of them in his sights they were dead. No, if's and's or but's about it, Dream was strong and the teen had no doubt he'd be able to catch them. But Technoblade seemed pretty confident that they

would be fine, which they weren't sure was comforting or worrying. Still, the teen followed after the man, he'd rather take their chances with the pinkette than be left to his own devices.

It had only been a few minutes but the snow was coming down much heavier now, Ranboo struggled to see more than ten feet in front of them. He hoped Technoblade knew where he was going, they didn't want to get lost. It's been nearly two years since Ranboo walked the streets and they can confidently say he remembers not a single street name or where they are currently, so getting lost would not be ideal seeing as the teen already had no idea where he was. They focused solely on Technoblade's jacket, making sure to keep the faded red in their sight at all times.

He lowered his head when the wind picked up, kicking up some flurries and sending them straight into the blonde's face. His wings puffed up from the cold, the cloak hid them mostly away if he kept them tucked close which worked for him anyway seeing as they were warm and retained his body heat easily. They worried about the pinkette though, surely he was freezing yet he never asked for the cloak back. Ranboo would have handed it over the second he asks but it didn't seem like that was going to be something the other would be doing anytime soon.



Hours. They have been hiking through a snowstorm for hours now. The snow was up to their ankles now, the crunch of the frozen liquid was loud and set the teen even more on edge. At some point, they left the back alleyways, now in a more run-down part of the city. There were a few people outside, all of them were wearing clothes even thinner than Technoblade's. How were they not frozen? The teen was shivering and he was covered in a heavy cloak, they hoped the other would have them stop soon, his legs felt numb and they were pretty sure that wasn't a good thing.

Thankfully their unspoken plea was answered, the pinkette turned towards a rather run-down-looking building. Technoblade glanced back at them, nodding his head towards the building before heading towards it. Oh thank gods, his feet hurt and they are positive they wouldn't last much longer if left outside in the storm.

Inside wasn't warm per se but it was definitely an improvement from the outdoors, and Ranboo wasn't going to complain. They glanced around, making sure to keep his face hidden under the hood. The building stunk of alcohol, it almost made the teen gag. This place looked to be a bar of some type, a run-down bar but one that was still selling alcoholic beverages. When Technoblade stepped forward the blonde scrambled to follow right behind him, they didn't want to be left behind in this place.

The pinkette crossed the floor and headed right for the bar, gaining some of the other people's attention. The teen shuffled even closer to the man, trying to appear as small as possible but even hunched they towered over pretty much everyone here. The pinkette slammed something on the wooden bar, skull mask focused on the disinterested bartender. The bartender raised an eyebrow before motioning with his head to the left, he took whatever Technoblade had offered before going back to his work.

The pinkette turned back to them, the blonde hoped his flinch wasn't that noticeable. "Go sit in that corner, don't talk to anyone, and stay there until I get back. Got it?" They nodded quickly, he wasn't too thrilled to be left alone in a bar with a bunch of very intimidating people but they also didn't want to go against Technoblade's orders. The man pointed to the empty seat in the corner and Ranboo got the message. They shuffled over, only glancing back once to see if Technoblade was still there or if he had already left; he was still there just watching them.

Once the blonde was sat down the pinkette disappeared through a door to some backroom, their eyes lingered on the door. He really hoped they didn't just get abandoned at a bar, they shouldn't have even been allowed in here. They jumped when a hand slammed down on the small table next to them, eyes landing on the limb before trailing it back up to its source. The hand belonged to a man with brunette hair, clearly intoxicated as he reeked of the drink, and the worst part he was looking at them with a frown. Oh, they really hoped this guy wasn't going to try talking to them, Technoblade specifically told them to not talk to anyone. His eyes snapped to the ground, hoping the other didn't notice their staring.

"Hey." They didn't reply, he just pulled the cloak closer and ducked their head. Maybe if he ignored that man he'd leave? "You deaf or something?" Again they didn't answer, he was panicking though. They did not want a drunk man getting aggressive just because Ranboo didn't answer him, they are pretty sure their companion would not be pleased to return to the beginning of a bar fight. They were trying to lean away from the man, he stunk and it was making them nauseous, but suddenly there was a hand grabbing the collar of the cloak and pulling them even closer to the man. "What's some punk like you doin' hangin' around the Blade, huh?"

They kept their jaw clenched, he was pretty sure if they didn't do this he'd start rambling and that would not help him in this situation. The guy jostled them a bit, pulling and pushing them back and forth before getting close to their face. He was sneering now, eyes locking onto Ranboo's own.

"Easy Rov." Oh, great even more people were engaging with them, of course, this is what would happen when it's the last thing Ranboo would like right now or ever. "You can't rough them up too much, we don't need the Blood God on our asses."

"Pfft, I doubt the Blood God would care if his buddy here had a little fun. Anyway, we were just talkin', gettin' to know each other." The man, Rov, slung an arm around them. The blonde was dragged into a side hug with the man, they were definitely uncomfortable with this whole interaction. He couldn't say anything or leave, both those things would be against what Technoblade said, and honestly, Ranboo was a lot more scared of the pinkette than a

drunkard; not that he wasn't scared because they definitely were but their companion was much scarier. "Why don't you loosen up man! Grab a drink and join in on the fun!"

The blonde shrunk slightly before turning their gaze back to the floor, he was really hoping the brunette would grow bored of trying to talk to them and would instead just leave them alone. But that was a pipe dream, one that would not be coming true sadly. The man grumbled before his hand shot out and grabbed their chin, yanking his head to the side so they were facing the man again.

"You ignorin' me or somethin'? Too good for a lowlife like me? Well prick, I'll have you know that rich city folk ain't welcome in these parts. I was tryin' to be all hospitable and such but you just had to act like such a stuck-up, makin' me look like a fool in front of ev'ryone!"

Rov's nails were digging in their cheeks, if he held on any tighter they might end up with bruises. But they could worry about bruises later, right now he needed to figure out how to follow Technoblade's orders while also de-escalating the situation. The blonde didn't get a chance to even think before he was being shoved off the chair and onto the ground, Rov stood above them with his hand around their throat. He wasn't choking them yet but that could change in an instant if Ranboo didn't play his cards right.

"What not even gonna fight back? You a pussy or somethin'?"

The teen remained silent, biting the inside of their cheek to keep quiet. Fighting back would make things worse, this wasn't Ranboo's first rodeo. Dream got drunk sometimes, and the best action to take was to remain compliant and not fight back. Rov on the other hand took the blonde's silence as an offense, growling before pulling his arm back. Pain blossomed against their jaw, the taste of iron was strong against their tongue; he wasn't sure if it was due to biting their cheek too hard or his new split lip.

"So you ain't deaf, just a dick." Rov was smirking down at them, obviously happy he got Ranboo to make some noise; even if it was a yelp from being hit. They kept their head turned, eyes still focused on the other just in case he felt like swinging again; the blonde wanted to be prepared for the impact instead of being caught off-guard. The brunette sneered at him again, crouching over them before speaking again. "Oh come on man, you really gonna make me beat you to a bloody pulp before you say somethin'? I mean I won't complain but it does seem a bit stupid on your part, but whatever maybe you're into it or somethin'."

Rov stood up, stepping around the teen. Ranboo attempted to push himself up but was met with a kick to their side, his hands moving to cover the new sore area. Some other bar patrons were watching now as Rov circled Ranboo like a shark, the teen remained on the ground curled up to protect himself better. A kick to their back ripped a scream from them, the brunette managed to hit the joint where his wings connected to their back. Pain had shot through them like lighting, leaving them gasping and seeing spots.

They expected an onslaught of more attacks, but nothing else was coming. The once loud bar grew silent, Ranboo had no idea why though. Maybe their hearing just stopped working for a few seconds? It wouldn't be the first time but usually, it was a sudden thing that just cut off the noise yet they could still hear the wind slamming into the building's outer walls outside.

One second it was silent and then suddenly the bar was almost too loud; chairs scraping against the floor, people yelling, bottles shattering, even some doors opening.

The sound of a thud startled them enough that their eyes snapped open, looking over he was met with a hand. Just a hand. If they didn't think they'd be sick by the smell of alcohol he was definitely feeling the urge to puke at just the sight of the dismembered limb. They scrambled up, ignoring the screaming of their side, before pushing themselves away from the hand. His eye caught the sight of more red and movement, so of course, they glanced up to see what the hell was going on. They really should not have looked up.

It was a bloodbath, literally. The walls were covered in scarlet, as were the floors, and everything else in the bar. And the scariest part? The part that brought the most fear was the sight of Technoblade hacking into some guy, with no hesitation whatsoever. Bodies were already littered around the room, all coated in their own or someone else's blood. The pinkette had multiple splatters of blood on him, they figured it wasn't his own judging by how much he was on the offensive while everyone else were just trying to avoid his sword. Technoblade's sword was blood red, quite literally, the blonde would guess it was truly made from blood just like the blood needle.

The villain finished off the man he had been fighting before immediately stalking towards the next, which just so happened to be Rov. Now Ranboo was used to dead bodies but this was excessive, at this rate Technoblade was drawing even more attention to them. If he slaughtered everyone here and Dream found it? Well, he'd just have more of a reason to hunt them down. But it didn't look like Technoblade was going to stop until everyone was dead, which was a problem.

The teen slowly pushed themselves up, one arm wrapped around their midsection, he didn't know what to do in this situation. They could leave, but that might turn the pinkette's attention onto them which would be ten times worse. He could wait it out and hope they would be spared from the massacre, which seemed like the logical choice. But of course, Ranboo wasn't the most logical as he has been told multiple times by Dream. So instead of waiting or just trying to leave the blonde moved towards the rampaging pinkette. Technoblade had Rov pinned to the ground, his boot covering the other's neck as the brunette struggled beneath him.

"Tech-"

The next few seconds happened so fast Ranboo could barely process what was happening. One second they were just out of reaching distance from Technoblade, attempting to get the man's attention, and the next their arms were flying up to protect themselves from a strike. Sharp pain struck against their arm, warm blood trailing down the limb. They stumbled back before falling, eyes locking on the skull mask as it stared at them.

Was this the part where he dies?

Summary::

We get a brief glimpse of Ranboo's pov from last chapter's ending; where they are confused on why techno would want him to not call him Sir or by his full name. Ranboo believes he is below Techno, that Techno has more power and control over them. The two get ready to leave, Techno mentions it's snowing so he has Ranboo wear his cloak while he wears a worn jacket. Techno also gives Ranboo a pair of boots since the kid has no shoes. Techno tells Ranboo to stay close and not draw attention to them, which Ranboo agrees to easily. They head out, going through back alleys. A few hours pass and Ranboo is freezing, they have no idea where they are but apparently, they are on a lower income side of the city. Techno leads them to a bar, speaking with the bartender and paying him for something. Techno tells Ranboo to go sit in the corner, not talk to anyone, and wait for him to return. Ranboo isn't too thrilled about this but follows the orders. After Techno leaves a man, Rov, shows up and tries talking to Ranboo. Rov is clearly drunk and says some ableist things to Ranboo as he attempts to get them to talk to him. Ranboo doesn't want to go against Techno's orders so they remain silent, which pisses Rov off. Rov gets aggressive, saying more ableist comments and some foul language towards Ranboo before punching them. He kicks them twice, one hitting their back and wing. Ranboo is unaware of what changes because no more attacks come. He gets spooked by a dismembered hand before he looks up and sees Techno covered in blood and attacking the bar-goers. Techno has Rov pinned under him when Ranboo tries to call out to Techno. Techno swipes his sword at them, cutting their arm and effectively scaring Ranboo. The chapter ends with Ranboo believing Techno is about to kill him.

Red Masterpiece

Chapter Summary

This chapter is very dark
Please use caution when reading it

A summary will be in the end notes

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Death/Murder

Blood

Wounds/Injury

Violence

Mentions of Alcohol/Drunkards

Arguing/Yelling

Dismemberment

Panic Attacks

Mentions of Manipulation

Mentions of Conditioning

Mentions of Abuse

Mentions of Dehumanization

!!PLEASE USE CAUTION READING THIS CHAPTER!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Stepping into the room the Blade looked around, spotting the informant who sat behind a simple-looking desk. They wore a black face mask, a hood being pulled over to obscure the rest of their face. They were covered in black clothing, not a single color was visible on their outfit. Technoblade couldn't care less who this person was, what he wanted was information and this was one of the only ways he was going to get it. He stepped forward, stopping less than a foot from the desk. The informant looked him up and down, hands moving to steeple in front of them. A staticky robot-like voice came from them, most likely a voice modulator to help keep their identity a secret.

“What could the fabled Blood God need from me today?”

“The Necromancer. I need info on any spotting of him.”

The informant leaned back in their chair, hands still steepled but now they were up by their mask. They were taking their time, Techno knew what they wanted from him though; he’s played this game before. The pinkette pulled out a wad of cash, slamming it on the desk. The informant tilted their head to look at the cash before looking back to the villain.

“I don’t want you money Blade. I sell information for information, so if you have nothing to trade then I can’t help you.”

“Tsk, fine.” He hated when informants were like this, just take the money and give him the info. “What do you want to know?”

“I’m sure you know since practically the whole city knows, I wouldn’t doubt the surrounding cities have heard as well by now. Dream’s announcement. He stated you killed his kid brother, that true?”

“No.”

The informant hummed, pushing the seat back before standing. They were smaller than he had expected, standing no taller than five foot three.

“See that doesn’t make sense. I figured the infamous Blood God would have a reason for killing an innocent, or so I am to assume. You’ve made it pretty clear you don’t go after anyone who isn’t corrupted or actively threatening you or the Necromancer. So what I want to know is, if you didn’t kill the kid then who did?”

“The kid’s not dead. Dream’s lying.”

The informant had gotten close, nearly standing side by side with him. Their arms were held behind their back, hands interlocked. They hummed again, head tilting towards the pinkette once more.

“How do you know? You must have seen the kid then, what information on them do you have?”

“I answered your question, it’s your turn now. What do you know on the Necromancer’s whereabouts?”

The informant shrugged before backing off, heading back to their desk. They took a seat again, leaning back and crossing their leg over the other.

“Not much. The Necromancer has been laying low as you know. The only spotting I’ve heard of was from over a week ago, down by the docks. My sources said they saw him and Phantom boarding a freight ship, the boat was heading to the lower districts of the Badlands. That’s all I know about the Necromancer. Is there anything else you want to know?”

That threw a bit of a wrench in his plans, if Phil was heading towards the Badlands then it would take nearly a week to follow him, and who's to say the blonde would even still be there. Still, the information was more than enough of a lead, he had been flying blind beforehand.

"No, that's all. Thanks for the information."

"Oh Blade, before you go." The pinkette paused, hand hovering over the door handle. He glanced back at the informant, curious about what they had to say to him. "Come back to me when you need more information, you are rather pleasant to deal with. I wouldn't mind giving you freebies every once and a while. Just ask for Nyx."

He nodded, an affirmative grunt escaping him before he grabbed the handle. It would be good to have an informant on his side, keep him in the loop on Dream's movements. And since this informant seemed to like him it also meant he could ask for false information about him to spread, in case the hero tried buying his own information. This was more than he came here for, but he wouldn't complain, having allies that lurked in the shadows could always come in handy.

The villain shut the door behind him, mind going through the list of what he needed to do now. They should keep moving but due to the storm, it would make traveling much harder, especially for someone who wasn't used to hiking through a blizzard. His thoughts were ripped away from him by Chat's screaming, voices loud in his head.

bar fight??

Where's the bird baby??

Oreo Boi?!

OUR CHILD?!

The pinkette had turned his head, trying to figure out why Chat was so interested in some bar fight. They've seen plenty of bar brawls, even participated in a few, so what made this one so great? And where was the kid? They clearly weren't where he left them which was an issue. Did the kid run off? He wouldn't survive out there for long, which means Techno would need to go hunt them down and drag them back.

THERE!

OUR CHILD IS THERE!

Oh, guess not. Whatever, that made his life easier, he didn't want to particularly go searching for the kid. He looked to where Chat had pointed out, freezing for a second at the scream that echoed across the bar. It wasn't hard to pinpoint the noise, a lump of red was curled on its

side. A circle of patrons had surrounded the lump and the man circling it, the fabric lump was shaking. Shit, that lump was his cloak which meant that under said cloak was the kid.

Chat grew furious, screaming and demanding blood. They were like starved ravage hounds, snapping at anything and everything as they demanded Techno spill as much blood as he could. The chanting grew and grew until it was all the villain could hear, the edges of his vision grew red. Chat was attempting to take control, trying to force him into a bloodlust. He didn't really fight it, if he did Chat would just force their way and do as they wished anyway.

HOW DARE HE HURT THE BABY!!

BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!

Make them bleed!

bloodbloodbloodbloodbloodbloodblood

His vision covered everything in a red hue, Chat's bloodlust had fully consumed him. He took the backseat, letting the voices rampage while he merely watched. His hand grabbed a beer bottle before smashing it against a table, glass and alcohol dropped to the floor. He picked up a glass shard, slicing his palm open. Blood bubbles up instantly, not a single drop was wasted. A large scarlet sword materialized into his hand, he could feel the maniacal grin form on his face.

Chat craved blood from time to time, it wasn't as bad as it had been during his teenage years but the urge to rip someone limb from limb never fully went away. So occasionally he'd let them run wild, spilling as much blood as they could. He made sure they stayed within a specific area, like the one time he broke into that one guy's mansion and slaughtered every single living soul in the place. Chat hadn't demanded blood for months after that one.

His blade sliced through people like they were butter, blood spraying everywhere and painting the walls red. It was a beautiful sight. Chat was always graceful when they killed, almost like they were dancing with their blade. He'd compare it to a rose, beautifully blood red but with thorns that would stab into you the second you got too close.

Chat was efficient while still having their fun, limbs being removed in a matter of seconds. Screams were the melody they danced to, a symphony of agony. They twisted and spun, crimson being painted around them like they were a painter and this was their masterpiece.

It was when they had their boot on the filth's neck that they realized this was the main perpetrator. They wish to draw this performance out longer, and he would be their lead actor. The brunette was squirming like a bug, scared shitless of them. They raised their blade, ready to start carving into this man and draining him of his blood but they were stopped.

A voice, they didn't know who's or what they said but it was a voice of someone alive. And they couldn't have that. This voice interrupted their final act, their lead actor's last breathing moment. It enraged them even more.

They swung, turning into the swing with hopes of lobbing whoever dared to interrupt them's head off. They missed, blood was still drawn but no limbs had fallen. They stalked forward, the scum was forgotten about for now; they hunt him down in a moment after they dealt with the pest. Who would dare interrupt them and their performance? Did this person want to be the lead so badly that they needed to steal the part from the filth? Fine, they could give this person a part in their show if they so wished.

They wanted to see the fear of their next victim, but their form was obscured by red; either from blood or just their vision they didn't know. They reached forward, yanking on the hood of the fabric. Pulling it away, the Blood God paused. Chat remained frozen for a second, blissful silence replacing the chanting for blood.

That was the kid. Their kid. The chick was bleeding, red ran down their chin from a split lip. Olive and hazel eyes watched them with fear, pupils dilated in terror. The baby bird was scared. He was hurt. They had hurt the child in their blind rage. Chat went ballistic.

Their hand released the hood almost instantly, taking a step back and lowering their blade. They didn't want to scare the chick anymore than he already was. They glanced down and noticed the slash against his arm, the limb being hugged close to them. They had done that, hadn't they? They should fix it, make sure their child knew they didn't want to cause him harm.

Chat moved forward again, noticing the immediate flinch the teen gave at their movement. Once they were standing in front of the baby bird they knelt, placing the blade down, the weapon immediately dissolved into a liquid puddle. Their hand took his wrist gently, they needed to get a better look at the injury. The blonde resisted a bit before relenting, form shrinking as they cowered. The wound wasn't horrible, it was bleeding a lot but nothing life-threatening.

The fledgling still had their bag on them, the one Techno had given them. The bag held medical supplies, which was just what they needed at the time. Using their free hand they reached over and unlatched the bag, pulling out a roll of bandages. Ranboo watched them, either out of fear or curiosity they weren't sure; maybe it was a mix of both.

Chat took their time wrapping the wound, any call for blood was absent from their mind. Their entire focus was on their kid, not a single glance was given to the bodies littering the bar. Boo was trembling, form small and vulnerable. They disliked this, their kid shouldn't be so small. The blonde was tall, taller than even them, yet right now they were so small and breakable. They would need to fix that, force their host to help their baby bird.

Once they had finished bandaging the injury they released the limb, it hovered for a second before being pulled back. Ranboo's mouth opened to say something to them, what they wouldn't get to find out. A glass shattered over their head, blood dripping down under their mask and blocking part of their vision. They stood with the grace and power of a lion, head turning to look at who dared to attack them.

The scum. Of course, it was the scum. He should have fled while he still could, now he sealed his fate. They held out their hand, the blood beneath them lifted up at their command. The crimson liquid formed into a large battle axe, crystallizing in their hand. The filth

watched with wide eyes, taking staggering steps back as if he finally realized what he was up against. A smirk played at the edge of their lips, they would enjoy ripping this man apart.

But before they could stalk forward a hand latched onto their pant leg, freezing their steps. Scarlet eyes flicked down to the chick, their kid was still trembling but didn't release them. Maybe going on a murderous rampage in front of the baby bird wasn't the best plan, but the scum was still alive and they really wanted to watch him bleed out.

Their head tilted down to Boo, putting as much reassurance as millions of voices could into their voice, they attempted to pacify their kid.

"You're okay little one, we will protect you."

Their voice was an overlay of hundreds, the sound some would describe as otherworldly or ethereal. Chat didn't care how their voice was described, as long as it calmed the fledgling it didn't matter. The teen tensed, shoulders hiked high before his hand released them. No words left either of them after that, Chat focused solely on the cowardly man in front of them. The disgusting mound of flesh started pleading, begging for mercy as he crawled backward like the bug he was.

They chuckled, the sound soon turning into maniacal laughter. It was pathetic how he squirmed and writhed like it would grant him mercy, it wouldn't.

"Mercy?" No, you will not get that from us."

The man paled, back hitting the wooden bar. He was cornered, pitiful prey facing their last moments. They took three strides forward, boots splattering blood as he walked through the puddles. They raised their axe high, watching the drunkard's gaze land on their shimmering guillotine.

They swung.

The light faded way too fast for their liking, but they couldn't play around anymore. The chick was still injured and fearful, they knew this experience probably traumatized him somehow. Anyway, Techno would want to come back into control soon, his nagging was already growing louder the longer they dawdled.

"Blood for the Blood God."

They released their hold on the blood axe, letting the liquid fall back to the ground it came from. They glanced back at their child, the baby bird was no longer collapsed on the ground which was good. He glanced at them before averting their eyes almost immediately, arm still held close as their head lowered.

They liked being feared, it gave them a rush of power, but this fear made them feel hollow and angry; angry at themselves. The Blade's voice echoed in their head, telling them they needed to leave before someone else shows up. And while they would usually argue that another person just meant more blood maybe their host had a point, their bloodlust was quelled and they craved nothing more than to comfort their claimed child.

They stepped towards Ranboo again, his flinch was a lot more subdued than the previous ones which was an improvement. They slowly reached forward, grabbing the sides of the hood before pulling it over their chick's head. This seemed to confuse the teen, mismatched eyes glancing up at them.

"It's cold outside, we can't have you getting sick."

"You're not Technoblade... are you?"

His voice was soft, nervous, and overall weak. Their voice was nervous before but not like this, this was more out of fear than before. They wondered how much fear their chick had for the world, how he became so scared of everyone and anything. They had a good guess, the call for the homeless Teletubby's blood was strong but they pushed it down. Now wasn't the time to hunt the hunter, they first needed to keep their kid safe before they could hunt down the hero and turn the tables.

"No we are not the Blade, We are Chat. Technoblade is our host."

"Host?"

They nodded, they didn't know how the Blade became their host but he was. It didn't matter in the end, they were all stuck together and had to learn how to deal with each other. It took years to come to an understanding but they had one now, Technoblade could remain in control as long as he gave into Chat's bloodlust whenever they demanded it.

"Yes he will explain it more later, for now we must leave."

The teen swallowed before nodding, shifting his weight from foot to foot. They reached forward before grabbing onto their baby bird's hand, shocking him but he didn't try to pull away. Chat led them towards the door, stepping over bodies and telling Boo to watch their step. Eventually, the two stepped out into the frigid weather, their kid shivering slightly. They pulled their little one close, arm slung over his shoulders in an almost side hug. The blonde tensed, body stiff as he was pulled closer.

They needed to find a safe place for the night, Boo was shaken up and wouldn't be able to keep up with their stamina, so taking a break would probably be best. Now the issue was where to go. There were a few places that popped into their mind, but only one could keep Dream away long enough for the baby bird to regain his energy; the sewers. It would suck and stink but it was better than the hunter finding them. While Technoblade may have been keeping the child safe just so they didn't fall back into hero hands Chat wanted their chick safe because they were attached, and they knew their host was growing attached to the baby bird as well.

They started forward, bringing their chick with them. Boo stumbled a bit before regaining their balance, matching their own pace easily. The snow wasn't falling as heavily now, it was still windy as all hell but at least they could actually see what was ahead of them unlike before.

"Uh... Chat?"

"Yes little one?"

"Will Technoblade be coming back? Not that I want you to leave or anything, but he said to wait until he came back. And I guess this kind of counts, but I don't want him to get mad because I didn't listen correctly."

Ah, so the chick was worried over disappointing their host, how adorable. Chat chuckled, the teen's head snapping to them at the noise. He was easily spooked it seemed, they should make sure Techno doesn't sneak up on their chick.

"Yes he will be back, and no he won't be angry at you. You listened very well, we are very proud."

Their child seemed confused at their answer, head lowering and watching the ground below him. Did they say something wrong? Surely not, none of what they said could be offensive and none of the mods were screaming so they said nothing wrong. Yet the baby bird looked like a mix of confusion and shock. They didn't mention the weird reaction, figuring their kid was just a weird one in general, but that was okay they were weird too.



Once they located a manhole cover they were ushering their child towards it, Boo seemed hesitant but didn't complain as they motion for him to go down first. They dropped the cover over the hole once they were both safely inside, the scent wasn't as horrible as it would have been during the summer season, which was a blessing. Now came the difficult part, which way did they go? So many different answers were being yelled, coordinates that meant almost nothing to them were said. Ugh, no wonder their host would complain of getting a headache from them.

They've never been left in control for so long, only staying around for their massacres before sinking back and feeding off the euphoria of blood they created. But they didn't want to leave their kid alone with the emotion-phobic Technoblade, that would have just provided a bunch of misunderstandings. But now that they were safe, or relatively safe they could relinquish control back to the Blade.

"Ranboo."

The teen glanced over at them, having lowered his hood once out of the wind and ice. They took a few steps forward so they were standing in front of their baby bird. They removed the boar skull mask, scarlet eyes staring at the blonde as they smiled.

"We are going to leave now, Techno will take control once more. We will still be here though, if you need us all you need to do is call for us. We will see you later baby bird."

Closing their eyes they allowed Techno to take control again, slipping back into the abyss of the man's mind. They were tired, being in control was exhausting. The pinkette sighed before opening their eyes and glancing at the kid who was staring at them in confusion.

"What?"

"Uh... Chat called me 'baby bird'?"

"Ignore them, they say stupid shit all the time. Now come on, enough standing around."

He didn't want to get into a conversation, his head was throbbing. Since Chat had been focused on getting here they didn't bother to patch up his own wounds, which was fairly common but now he had a raging headache. But of course, when did the universe cut him a break?

"Um... Techno? What is Chat? And why did they do all of that? The killing I mean... What-"

"Look kid, you're exhausted and so am I. I'll answer your questions later after I get at least two hours of sleep."

Ranboo didn't respond after that, remaining silent as they followed after the pinkette. Techno managed to find one of his hidden rooms, an abandoned service room. It didn't have much; a few water jugs which were frozen solid, some cans of random food, a blanket or two, and a lantern. He really hoped the thing still had batteries in it, and that they still worked.



"So, what happened?"

He had managed to get about three hours of restless sleep, which was better than nothing. He wasn't sure if the kid got any shut-eye, they were awake when he woke up. He was only planning to stick around here for a few more hours, hoping the rest of the storm would bypass them. The blonde flinched at his voice, curling up even smaller in the corner. Ranboo had shoved himself into the back corner once Techno told them to enter the room, they took up as little space he could; which was rather impressive since they had two large wings cocooning them.

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"In the bar, I was gone for maybe ten minutes. How did you get into a bar fight that quickly? I thought I told you not to draw attention to yourself. And you weren't even fighting back, so what happened?"

He tried not to notice the teen shrinking at each word, he also definitely didn't notice how they started trembling halfway through his interrogation. Chat was yelling at him to stop scaring the kid, it wasn't like he was intentionally trying to freak the kid out. Still, he tried to

keep his tone neutral, which was kind of hard for him to do but he thought he was doing pretty good.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to. You said not to talk to anyone so I didn't, but that one guy Rov, he was drunk and wanted me to talk to him. But I didn't I swear, I didn't say anything to him. And since I wasn't replying he got angry, and he pushed me. He hit me a few times before you... or Chat showed up."

The kid didn't seem like the type to actively start bar fights, and that one guy Chat despised did seem drunk as he tried to get away. Their story made sense, lining up rather well with his own recalling of the event. But that didn't answer his last question; why hadn't they fought back instead of getting his ass beat?

"Okay, but why didn't you fight back?"

The kid flinched again, shrinking into himself even more. How were they not uncomfortable? His position looked extremely painful, maybe they were just flexible or something? Either way, it didn't matter right now, right now he wanted to know what was going on.

"I..." They paused, glancing from the floor to Techno before locking their gaze back onto the cement ground. "You didn't say I could... Anyway if I fought back it would hurt more, so I didn't."

Well, that wasn't concerning at all. Did the kid have a death wish or something? Did Ranboo just not do things unless told to do them? That was messed up. A thought occurred to him, one he didn't think could be true yet he was starting to suspect that maybe it was. Dream was a control freak, he knew this and he knows others have noticed the smiling hero's power-hungry tendencies. So it wasn't too far-fetched to believe that Dream held authority over the kid, he literally found them in a freaking birdcage.

"Let me get this straight, you didn't defend yourself because I never said you could?" Their nod was timid, eyes flicking back and forth from the floor to him. The kid was growing anxious, which seemed to be his default state. "Did Dream let you fight back?"

He wasn't sure if his suspicions were correct or not but at least this way he'd get a bit of knowledge on how Ranboo operates, and maybe even more reasons Dream wasn't the hero the public adored. The reaction he expected was not what he got. He expected more curling, maybe for the kid to defend their brother, or simply silence. What he got was full-on shaking and quick breathing, easy warning signs of an upcoming panic attack. He was ready to take back his question, play it off as a joke or something but Ranboo answered before he could.

"No... he didn't like it when I fought back or ran, it always hurt more if I did. It's easier to just wait, Dream grew bored after a while if I waited long enough."

Well, that answered that question, Dream's mentality was twisted even more than he originally thought. The dude was practically abusing his own flesh and blood, and for what? Power? Control? Some sick thrill of superiority? Probably all of it if Techno was being honest with himself. Now he definitely couldn't let Dream catch either of them, he couldn't

willingly let a kid be forced back into a life of abuse under their own brother's hands, Chat agreed with him.

Kill Dream!!

HOW DARE HE!!

Do you think Dream would bleed green??

MAKE HIM BLEED

"Okay here's what we are going to do." Techno watched as the teen focused back on him, body still shaking like a leaf but at least their breathing was somewhat slower. He couldn't believe he was even offering this but it could keep them alive a lot longer in the long run. "I'll teach you how to defend yourself, I can't have you not even trying to do something and getting yourself killed. I want you to fight tooth and nail if someone attacks you, got it? You gotta keep yourself alive, you need to know how to do that at least."

He was in for a hell of a ride with this kid, but he wasn't scared of a little adventure.

Chapter End Notes

Summary;;

Techno heads back into a side room, meeting with an informant. He is searching for someone called the Necromancer, he asked for information on this person having to trade some info of his own to get his answers. The informant asks about Dream's announcement and what it was really about. Techno tells them that Dream's sibling is not dead and still alive. The informant tries to get more information but Techno cuts them off and asks for information on the Necromancer once more. He gets his answers; the Necromancer was spotted over a week ago boarding a ship with the Phantom. Techno goes to leave but the informant stops him, telling him that if he ever needs anything to seek them out. We find out the informant goes by Nyx. Techno exits the room and sees the bar fight going down, Chat of course freaks. Chat takes over, gaining control of Techno's body. They go on a murder rampage, comparing it to a dance or play. Just as they catch the man who was attacking their kid someone interrupts them, so they attack this person. Low-and-behold it's Ranboo! Chat bandages Ranboo's arm, trying to not freak their kid out anymore. A bottle busts over their head, the man they released to attack Ranboo had attacked them from behind. They tell Ranboo that they will protect him before going after Rov. Rov dies by Chat's axe, he got what he deserved. Chat then goes back to Ranboo, leading them out of the bar. Ranboo knows this isn't Techno, the personality is completely different and so is Chat's voice. Chat's voice is hundreds of voices speaking all at once. Chat explained that Techno is their host and that they are not Techno. The two walk for a bit before Ranboo asks if Techno will be coming back and if

he will be angry at them possibly not listening. Chat thinks Ranboo is adorable, reassuring him that no Techno won't be mad and will be back. They tell Ranboo they are proud of them, it confuses Ranboo greatly and Chat doesn't know why. Chat leads them to a sewer entrance, entering it quickly. Chat informs Ranboo that they are leaving now and that if he ever needs them to just call for them. Techno returns, with a nasty migraine. Ranboo tries to engage in conversation but Techno shuts it down almost immediately. Techno leads them to a small service room, one of his hideaways. We time skip a few hours later, Techno got a few hours of sleep before waking up. He asked what happened at the bar, Ranboo apologizes for the bar fight and that they listened to Techno and didn't engage in conversation with anyone. They say that's why he was attacked, and that they didn't fight back. Techno questions why Ranboo didn't fight back, Ranboo reveals that because Techno didn't tell him to they didn't fight back. Techno questions if Dream is the cause, asking Ranboo if Dream ever let them fight back. Techno doesn't think Ranboo will answer but Ranboo does. They state that no, Dream did not like it when they fought back or ran, so he doesn't. Techno grows worried, impulsively saying he will teach Ranboo some self-defense. He excuses it with the fact that having Ranboo know how to defend himself will help keep them alive longer and make Techno's life easier. And that's the end of the chapter.

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Feline Catastrophe

Chapter Summary

Meow

(=^•ω•^=)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Panic Attacks

Cursing

Mentions of Past Abuse

Mentions of Past Manipulation

Self-Degrading Thoughts

Mentions of Death/Murder

Minor Violence/Fighting

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chat was something that's for sure, Ranboo wasn't sure how he felt about the mysterious entity in Technoblade's mind. But one thing the blonde knew was that Chat held no hesitation when it came to killing, and for a second they even thought he would be on the receiving end. Yet the second Chat saw him they stopped, immediately wrapping up the injury they caused. It was... confusing.

Technoblade was confusing as well. They didn't know how to feel about the villain. While he was intimidating as all hell he also hasn't actively hurt them, minus the incident with Chat but that was their own fault. He should have just stayed quiet and waited for them to finish their murder spree, but of course, they had tried to intervene. He should have known not to, Dream never liked it when they interrupted him, but of course, when did Ranboo ever learn?

The teen had been terrified of getting yelled at by Technoblade, unsure if leaving with Chat was against the villain's orders. But Chat said it wasn't, that he was still listening correctly. And the weirdest part was that they were proud of him, which made no sense to them whatsoever. Why would they be proud? All he did was listen, which was just to be expected and even then Ranboo usually messed that up. So why were they proud?

He didn't get an answer, not that they even asked in the first place. He followed after them regardless, eventually being led to the entrance to the sewers. Entering the underground pipes was definitely difficult, their hands slipped on the bars of the ladder at least three times. And then Chat had left and Technoblade returned, and they were only slightly disappointed about this.

The pinkette had led them to what looked like a bunker, ushering him inside before shutting the door. Technoblade grumbled out an order to sleep, one the teen knew they would not be following. The villain had drifted off while leaving Ranboo awake to overthink the last... what, twelve or so hours?

His thoughts shifted from their current predicament to their brother. Why had Dream made that announcement? Why did he think they were dead? Why announce it only hours after they went missing? Why did Technoblade think Dream truly didn't care about them when he could clearly see the older blonde crying over their supposed death? Why were they being kept alive? Why was Technoblade risking himself to keep them away from Dream and the heroes? There were way too many questions, all being left unanswered.

They must have been sitting there just overthinking everything for hours before the villain awoke. Throwing questions at them almost as soon as he noticed they were also awake. They answered them to the best of their ability, only hesitating at the last one. Did they tell the truth or lie? Lying would paint their brother in a better light, but would Technoblade be angry if he lied? Telling the truth would probably be for the best, but it would make their brother look like a horrible person when that just wasn't true. Still, they answered, quiet and unsure, but the words still left their mouth.

What the blonde hadn't expected was for the villain to teach him how to defend himself, yet the pinkette did. It wasn't much of a suggestion and more of a 'we're doing this' thing, so Ranboo didn't get much of a choice in the end. The man hadn't waited for a reply, standing up before glancing at the winged teen. The villain raised an eyebrow and Ranboo scrambled to his feet, understanding the unspoken command. Technoblade wanted to do this training now, and they would be lying if he said they weren't nervous.

Dream put Ranboo through training before, not that Ranboo learned much other than to dodge hits. Most of this 'training' ended with the teen getting hurt in some way, being berated by Dream, and then left to lick his wounds either locked in their room or the birdcage. He wondered how long Technoblade would use them as a personal punching bag before figuring out how useless they were, eventually regretting ever kidnapping them in the first place. Still, they traveled after the man, attempting to bury himself into the fur of the crimson cloak they still haven't returned.

The pinkette led them back out into the sewers, glancing down at the lowered cement. He motioned for Ranboo to jump down, which they did with little hesitance. Their boots landed with a splash, the floor was slightly flooded with murky water. He was definitely not a fan of this, sure this amount wouldn't kill him but just knowing that if these pathways flooded they'd drown in seconds. A presence landed next to them, another small splash accompanying the landing.

"Now first things first, I need to know what your skill level is so try to hit me."

Well, they weren't doing that, hitting Technoblade would be the stupidest action they could commit. Yet the pinkette was just standing there, watching the feathered teen. He hesitantly shook his head, they did not want to test this. Their answer though caused the man to frown, huffing as he crossed his arms.

"Look kid, you're not going to hurt me or anything. I can take whatever you've got, so don't worry about it and just give me what you've got."

That wasn't the part that worried them. No, he knew he couldn't hurt the villain, the man was built like a tank. No, he was worried about the other hurting them, sure that promise may still be active but Technoblade could easily go against his word. And what if this was some big test to somehow get Ranboo in trouble. Maybe it was a way to excuse the following pummeling he would rain down on them?

Denying Technoblade wasn't going to do him any good either, if anything it'll probably make the beating worse. Trying to run would also prove useless, the man could easily tackle him before they even got out of the sewer pathway. So reluctantly he inched forward, throwing the weakest punch they could into the villain's chest. He recoiled immediately after, head lowered as they prepared for the onslaught of punches from the larger male. But none came, only a grumbled sigh.

"Kid, I know that wasn't the best you can do. You barely even touched me, try again."

Again? Is he serious? Yet the pinkette looked completely serious, simply watching them. The man stood emotionless as he waited, and Ranboo really didn't want to punch this man. But resisting would definitely make the upcoming pain worse, either by Technoblade making it longer or throwing more power into his punches.

The teen nodded before pulling back, throwing a true punch. This is what he asked for, he can't get mad at them for following directions right? The pinkette raised an arm to block his attack, barely reacting to the teen's attack. Ranboo recoiled once more, again they cowered away from the pinkette.

"Well, your punching could use some work. Your form is all wrong, you're not stepping into your punches enough to inflict damage. You'll end up hurting yourself before whoever you are fighting. Try again, but this time spread your feet and bend your knees a bit. When you punch lean into it, use your whole body instead of just your arm."

Again?! Why again?! Still, he followed the man's directions, glancing at his feet while trying to figure out how much he needed to spread them.

"Little wider, yeah right there. Now bend your knees a bit, no not that much. Good stop there. Now try hitting me but this time use your whole body."

Ranboo listened, leaning into his punch as he swung. Techno blocked once more, but this time his arm moved a smidge. The pinkette nodded before telling them to do it again and again, he even showed them how to block attacks instead of dodging. The blonde struggled at first, flinching and accepting the weak thumps against them. But Techno told them to at least

dodge the attacks, which they gladly did. He did eventually convince them to block the weak throws, correctly their form whenever it faltered.

The training session ended with the teen crouched and huffing, Technoblade had thrown wider swings near the end which meant they needed to twist and swerve to dodge. A hand dropped onto their head, and Ranboo's proud to say he didn't flinch that much.

"Good job kid, you aren't that bad for a beginner."

Their hair was ruffled a bit before the hand left, and Ranboo... they weren't sure how to feel about the action. Usually, a hand on their head was met with hair pulling or shoving, but Techno didn't do either of those things. And the worst part was that Ranboo wanted him to do it again, they bit the inside of their cheek to keep himself from chasing after the positive touch.

Another strange thing was the praise. The blonde didn't do much, they just followed what the pinkette told him which was to be expected. The man's praise didn't sound like a backhanded comment, it didn't sound patronizing either. Ranboo didn't understand Technoblade, he was an enigma to the teen. One moment he was cold and emotionless and then the next he was warm and kind, it left them with millions of questions.

He was even starting to like the pinkette's presence, actually happy the man kidnapped them. And wasn't that despicable? They preferred being around someone who literally kidnapped them over his own brother. Ranboo felt horrible for thinking like that, Dream was his brother! They shouldn't be more comfortable around a stranger he's known less than a day over their own flesh and blood.

They felt torn, pulled in two different directions. On one hand, they wanted to return home, go back to what he was used to. But on the other hand, they didn't want to go back, and that was an issue. Not like they could go back even if he wanted, Technoblade seemed very adamant that they remain as far away from the heroes as possible.

"-id? Are you coming or what?"

Their gaze snapped up, spotting the pinkette now outside the lowered portion of the sewer. He was watching them, raising an eyebrow at their silence. The teen nodded quickly, scurrying after the older male.



The days repeated; wake up in the side room, train with Techno, take a break for lunch, continue training, stop for dinner, and then go to sleep. It had been maybe a week since their kidnapping and honestly, Ranboo was getting used to sharing a space with the older male. Techno was pretty cool, he was a bit antisocial but then again so was Ranboo so it worked out in the end. They were a bit concerned about the lack of Dream showing up, he should have

found them by now. He never let them escape for this long, he never let them get away for even an hour let alone a week.

It was after one of their training sessions when Techno suggested disguising Ranboo. The teen understood where he was coming from, they weren't exactly subtle looking. Having vitiligo, heterochromia, and a pair of giant wings you tend to stand out a bit. But there wasn't really any way to change those features, not without hurting them in the process or major surgery that Ranboo was not interested in doing.

So the pinkette suggested dying their hair at least, saying his cloak could cover their wings and most of their skin while glasses or a mask could cover their eyes. And Ranboo would be lying if they said they weren't a bit excited. He's seen heroes with bright colorful hair, ones with fancy masks, and even ones with both. Dream didn't let them dye their hair, he said it was a waste of money that could be used for other things. The teen had no idea how the other planned to get the necessary items for this though, they were kind of in the sewer and last time he checked people didn't flush hair dye or masks down the toilet.

He mentioned knowing someone who could probably help, which meant leaving the sewer. Technoblade also mentioned how it was best they leave now before Dream tracks them down. The blonde was a bit upset about this, they didn't necessarily want to leave. Which was strange, he should be overjoyed to leave the cement tunnels. But they didn't really have a choice in the matter, not that he would voice his opinions anyway.

So that's how he found himself, trailing after the older male. Before leaving the sewers the pinkette pulled the hood over their head, telling them to keep it on until he said so. Ranboo had no complaints, he preferred to remain hidden than gain the attention of onlookers. The villain's own mask covered his face, hiding it away from the public's eye.

Above ground was freezing, snow and slush layered the ground. Thankfully it was no longer snowing and the teen could actually see in front of them, which was a lot nicer than having to hope he didn't trip over something. This also meant he didn't have to practically cling to Technoblade so they didn't get left behind, he still stayed close to the pinkette but kept enough distance between them so it wasn't awkward.

At first, Ranboo attempted to follow along from behind, what they usually did whenever Dream wanted them to follow. But Technoblade kept slowing down, which in turn made Ranboo adjust his pace. Eventually, the pinkette turned and demanded to know why Ranboo was so slow, questioning if they were hurt or something.

"Oh no, no I'm fine. I just... was following? Like you said to?"

"Then why are you staying behind me? It would be easier to keep an eye on you if you walk next to me instead of behind."

The winged teen tilted their head in confusion, why would he want Ranboo walking next to him? It took a second for it to click but eventually, they figured out the probable answer; Technoblade wanted to look less suspicious. Sometimes his brother would have them walk side by side when around people he was trying to impress, it wasn't common but it happened

occasionally; Technoblade was probably trying to do that. So the teen nodded and sped up until he was keeping pace with the man.

It took a bit of walking before they arrived at a small section of the city, the area was still rundown but it looked a lot nicer than that bar. There were shops lining the streets, trash littered the ground, and occasionally someone would glance their way before catching sight of the Blade only to immediately turn away and act as if they hadn't seen the pinkette. Ranboo figured out pretty quickly that Technoblade was the fabled Blood God or the Blade, they just hadn't noticed at first because he was not what they expected.

Dream spoke about the Blade a lot, he apparently was one villain the hero struggled to apprehend; which was surprising, to say the least. Some days the older blonde would come back fuming, having lost some battle with the Blade, those days were always the worst. Dream had little to no mercy on those days, even breathing incorrectly had him snapping at Ranboo. So when the teen pictures the villain they pictured this huge man who was the embodiment of evil, but Technoblade didn't really fit that description.

Technoblade was huge, taller than normal people but still shorter than Ranboo. The pinkette could be considered evil, he or Chat technically committed multiple homicides in that bar alone so who knows what other evil deeds he could have done. But Techno was nice and funny too, the man had a dry sense of humor that Ranboo found it difficult to not laugh at the man's jokes or sassy comments.

On one of the nights in the sewer Ranboo had a nightmare, scaring themselves awake while in the midst of a panic attack. He was quiet thankfully, having learned how to keep their panicking silent to avoid backlash from their brother, especially at night. Still, Technoblade was awake a few seconds later. They expected the man to yell at them or to attack them for waking him up, it would have been justified and Ranboo wouldn't have blamed Techno. They should have been quieter, or maybe even have not been panicking at all. The nightmare was already fading from their memory, leaving him shaking with no idea why other than the feeling of fear in his veins.

But the pinkette didn't yell or hit them, he grumbled a bit before spotting Ranboo. He just stared at them for a second before sighing, the blonde tensed expecting the man to get angry or disappointed with them. They didn't want to disappoint Technoblade, Ranboo had gotten addicted to the man's praises during training that he basically craved the attention. It was horrible and they felt shame crawl up their spine every time he felt even a smidge happy to have done something correctly and earned the villain's attention. Still, the fear of disappointing the man made them panic even more, falling further down the hole he had dug himself.

They were struggling to breathe, lungs constricting and burning with the lack of oxygen he denied them of. But then suddenly he was pulled into something warm, a dull thumping sound echoed in their ear. The blonde stiffened, scared of doing anything wrong and being hurt for it but no pain came. Instead, a hand ran through their hair, gently petting their head. That's when he realized that Techno was practically hugging them, the teen was held against the man's chest.

The pinkette was saying something and Ranboo knew he should pay attention but the words didn't register fully in their head, the only way he knew the man was speaking was the rumbling in his chest. The teen did eventually calm down enough that breathing was no longer impossible, their hearing came back soon after. They didn't say anything though, hoping to steal just a bit more of the positive touch and the feeling of warm hands petting their head; even if it was short-lived.

It was a bit awkward after that, especially at night. Ranboo stayed in their corner but Technoblade had moved his sleeping area closer, almost in reaching distance to the winged teen. Ranboo hadn't mentioned it though, unsure if the villain had moved purposely or if the teen was just overthinking things again. Either way the next time Ranboo woke up from a forgotten nightmare the same thing happened and took even less time for the blonde to calm their racing heart. He also wished to be woken up by nightmares just so they could pretend that the comfort that came afterward was actually given out of care instead of to get him to shut up. And wasn't that disgusting? That he wished to use Technoblade for attention? It was selfish and so despicable. Yet a part of him didn't care, it was the same part that wanted Technoblade to praise them, to say he's proud of them, for the positive touches that didn't hurt but left their skin burning and craving more.

Ranboo has come to the conclusion he is definitely not a good person. Good people don't think like this, good people don't think about ways to get someone to comfort them, good people aren't like Ranboo.

Their thoughts were cut off as they stopped in front of a blue store, the building looked a bit more colorful than the others. The sign above the door had faded words written across it, the blonde couldn't figure out what it said but it definitely looked handmade. Technoblade didn't waste time staring at the building, instead he walked up to the door before pushing it open. The jingle of a bell rang out as the door opened, the two entering the shop that looked more like a cafe. The inside was much brighter than the outside, bright colors painted the walls and floors. But the best part, in Ranboo's opinion, was the abundance of cats that roamed the entire place.

There were orange tabbies, white fluffy cats that were more hair than animal, pitch black cats that blended into the shadows, and all of them looked oh so soft. The blonde's wings tensed, the limbs wanting to spread and flap, flit, and/or flutter but Ranboo was able to keep them mostly still underneath the cloak. Technoblade had walked over to the counter and was talking to the lady standing behind it, her hair was extremely poofy and large it looked almost closer to wool than hair.

The teen lingered by the door, eyes flicking from the pinkette and a group of cats who were laying atop one of the many cat trees spread out around the store. Surely it would be okay if he let one of the cats, right? If one came over to them and he just so happened to pet the feline he wouldn't get in trouble, right? Technoblade was busy talking to wool hair lady and Ranboo would still be in sight, so it should be fine... right?

"You can pet them you know."

They nearly jumped at the noise, a gruff low voice sounded behind him and they whirled to face the stranger. A brunette man stood behind him, whistling as he looked them up and

down.

“Wow, you’re tall. Impressive.”

“Thank... you?”

Oh, wait... was he not supposed to talk to anyone here as well? Technoblade didn’t specify if he was allowed to do that here. It was probably best they kept their mouth shut... but the man said they could pet the cats... and he really **really** wanted to pet their silky fur. Dream didn’t let him have a cat, not after Patches... Ranboo doesn’t like to think about Patches.

“So which cat caught your attention? Pearl? Ender? Rocky? Or perhaps it’s the heathen Jambo?”

Such strange names, but it seemed to fit each cat the man pointed out. Pearl was one of the white cats, Ender was the color of midnight, and Rocky was a Smokey grey. Jambo though, Jambo was an orange tabby who was currently trotting over at the mention of his name.

“Ah, there’s the soup boy.”

The man leaned down to grab the cat, cradling him close as he held them. The cat purr and pushed his head against the man’s chin, the brunette smirks before holding the cat out to Ranboo. The teen didn’t know what to do, they hesitantly accepted the cat. Jambo was soft, warm little body curling up in their hold as he purred. The teen couldn’t stop his wings from spreading, small flutters and flicks escaping them. The cloak was pulled open by the limbs, feathers dusting the ground while the teen happily watched the cat in his arms.

A hearty laugh broke their trance, wings snapping close once more as the cloak covered them again. He hung his head in shame, they shouldn’t have been that excited to pet a cat. The man’s laughter died down to a few chuckles before stopping, a single glance over showed the brunette looked at him confused and... concerned?

“Hey, it’s fine to be happy petting a cat dude. If anything that reaction was tame, I had a friend once who also had wings. They always got excited and ended up smacking people with the things, so a little bit of flapping is nothing new to me. Oh, I’m J. Schlatt by the way, but you can just call me Schlatt. Surprising that Techno brought someone along that wasn’t Phil, not that it’s a bad thing, the man needs to make more friends-“

The man, Schlatt was cut off as a plastic cup smacked against his head, a startled yell escaping him. The brunette glared over at the front counter, the lady was snickering and Technoblade was staring at the man; Ranboo could imagine him glaring under his mask.

“Stop scaring the kid Schlatt.”

“I’m not scaring anyone- wait kid?” The brunette turned to them again, startling how quickly he went from glaring to wide eyes. “How are you so tall and still a kid?!”

They flinched a bit at the yelling before hunching a bit, the cat in his hold head-butted their chin; a quiet ‘mrow’ escaping him. They liked Jambo, he was indeed a very good cat.

“Leave them alone Rammie, you’re scaring him.”

“Shit sorry kid, didn’t mean to spook ya or anything.”

The woman huffed before walking out from behind the counter and towards them, Technoblade wasn’t far behind her. The woman stopped in front of them before smiling brightly, hands on her hips as she stood tall. Well, as tall as she could while being the shortest person here with Schlatt only a few inches taller.

“I’m Captain Puffy Schlatt, but just Puffy is fine. I’m sorry for my brother, he doesn’t always think before talking.”

“Hey-“

“Techno was just telling me you were looking to get your hair dyed?” They nodded slowly, unsure if he was allowed to answer her verbally. Puffy seemed very nice and they could easily see himself getting along with the kind woman. “Well I only have a few colors to choose from at the moment, I don’t get another shipment until next month but Techno said you two couldn’t wait until then. So all I have is pink and black, I hope either of those are okay.”

They glanced over at Technoblade, were they allowed to answer her? The pinkette stared back before huffing, arms crossed over his chest as he replied.

“You’re allowed to talk Ranboo, neither of these two are going to bite... well Puffy won’t.”

“Oi!”

“Um, yeah those colors are fine.”

They nodded along, he honestly didn’t have a preference on what color their hair became. He only ever had blonde hair other than the white streaks that keep appearing after each time he uses his ability to revive someone. So having a new color would be a nice change, at least they think it would.

“Well then, let’s get started!”

Chapter End Notes

MMMMM CAT CAFE

Shrouded Veil

Chapter Summary

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Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Mentions of Wounds/Injuries

Alcohol

Cursing

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Abuse

Mentions of Manipulation

Mentions of Panic Attacks

Mentions of Dissociation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Honestly? The kid was pretty weak. They threw punches that felt like feathers were hitting him instead of fists. And their footwork, it was abysmal at best. One would think that a sibling to one of the top heroes would know at least some self-defense, yet Ranboo here knew absolutely nothing. Technoblade had his work cut out for him.

He started teaching the kid how to stand when on the offensive, how to properly close his fist so they didn't break their thumb. He taught them how to block punches, yet most of the time the teen just accepted the hit. Not that the villain was actively throwing hard punches, he also slowed them right before making contact, so the kid wasn't going to get hurt. Yet whenever his fist landed on them with a soft thump they tensed and flinched, like he expected it to hurt. It set both himself and Chat on edge, suspicions becoming even clearer.

Some hero huh??

Dream's a bitchbaby!!

KILL THE TELETUBBY

Poor bird baby!! Our chick is scared!!

He found himself agreeing with Chat, the voices usually had biased opinions but this time he shared their thoughts. If Dream was truly some great hero he wouldn't have treated his brother like this, the kid wouldn't be afraid of any movements Techno made with a balled fist.

Since blocking wasn't working he instead had them dodge his fists, something the blonde seemed a lot more willing to do. Ranboo was actually pretty decent at dodging, though he waited until just before the punch connected before moving. While strange Techno could probably figure out why.

If he was avoiding Dream's hits then dodging too early would result in the other chasing after them, fists no doubt hitting harder. Dodging right before gave the teen a chance to get away before the other could grab them or realize what was happening. It was kind of smart, but it wasn't something that would work every time. So he would need to have them work on that, work on actually blocking hits.

The more they continued the more confident Ranboo got, he actually started blocking hits. They only needed to be corrected a few times before they started naturally falling into the positions the pinkette taught him. By the end of the first session, he had gotten Ranboo comfortable enough to block nine out of ten of his hits, a major improvement from when they started.

So he praised the kid, ruffled their hair and everything. He tried not to think about how they froze for a second, how their jaw clenched when he removed his hand, how the teen was coiled tight when just seconds ago he was loose and relaxed. He realized that Ranboo gets lost in their head quite a lot, zoning out and simply moving on autopilot. It was a tad concerning, just a bit though he wasn't worried for the kid or anything.

Chat on the other hand...

BABY BIRD

No thought, head empty

Wonder what the beloved thinks about??

TECHNOHUG

Yeah, Chat was more than enough worried for both of them.



A week had passed, most days were basically the same. He'd train the kid as much as possible without overworking them, teaching them new tricks and whatnot. It was difficult though, Ranboo wasn't built like him. The teen was quicker on their feet and a lot more flexible, while Techno was stronger and could hit harder. He couldn't teach Ranboo

everything he knew, the teen would end up hurting himself if they tried to copy the movements. But that was okay, he knew other types of fighting and could easily adjust to the blonde's fighting style.

So he figured out a routine, sticking to it and making sure the kid did as well. They didn't complain, if anything he started getting excited to train with Techno. The pinkette was also finding it fun and entertaining to spar with the kid. They were getting better at blocking, being able to deflect heavier hits with minor mistakes. He wouldn't admit it but he was proud, the kid was like a sponge; soaking up every word Technoblade said. The only issue was the wings, Techno didn't know how to incorporate the limbs into any style of fighting, But Ranboo kept the limbs tucked close, they only moved when the kid lost their footing; spreading to attempt to balance him out.

He would get a good look at the feathers adorning the appendages, some were broken or damaged while some were just completely missing. But the longest feathers looked like someone took a pair of shears and just started hacking at them, they were all different lengths and jagged at the ends. He didn't know much about wings or what they were supposed to look like but he could take an educated guess and say these were not it.

On one night he had the teen stretch their wings, no doubt they had to be cramped and sore with how tight Ranboo's been keeping them to their body. Of course, the blonde was hesitant, though after a bit of coaxing they relented and allowed Technoblade to look over the limbs. Ranboo was tense the whole time, staring blankly ahead while their wings trembled while being held open. While there were patches of feathers missing and what looked to be dried blood, the wings in general didn't look horrible. The black and white splotched appendages were rather impressive, if taken care of they would probably be even more impressive.

He made a decision to find a library or some bookstore later and find a book about wings, he doubted the kid even knew how to care for the limbs. But this brought up the issue of; how did he expect to travel with the teen. Ranboo was very recognizable, if any hero who knew them spotted the two? It would make his life hell, and it would be a pain to lose the heroes again. Dream would no doubt be on their trail soon, the only reason he wasn't was because of that fraud funeral he had for his sibling. But once the fourteenth came and went, the hunter would be on their trail immediately.

There wasn't much they could do to hide away Ranboo's more prominent features, but they'd make due. His cloak was big enough to hide the wings, and with the weather recently it wouldn't be strange to see the heavy fabric wrapped around someone. The hood could hide their head and face, but the chances of it falling were high so it wasn't a permanent solution. His face could be covered with a mask like Techno's own was, it wasn't strange to wear masks around these parts; not everyone wanted their identity revealed to the public. Getting a mask wouldn't be that hard either, he'd just have to snag one from a costume shop or something.

Nothing could be done to change their mismatched skin except for clothing, the cloak and mask would work for that as well. So that left their hair. While blonde hair wasn't abnormal the white streaks were, if anyone who knew the kid prior recognized their hair then it would be over. So to combat this he suggested dying the kid's hair, said kid seemed excited by this

suggestion. But when he mentioned leaving the sewers the teen's expression dropped, they looked forlorn as they took a final look at what had been their home for the past week.

Technoblade knew they wouldn't be coming back, at least not for a long while. If they kept coming back it would be way too easy for that smiling bastard to find them. The villain's ultimate goal was to get to the next city; the Badlands. If both Phil and Wilbur were heading there then he could meet up with them, but first, he'd need Ranboo disguised. Which left him with one option; Puffy.

Captain Puffy had been a hero once, an actual hero, not one of the fake ones parading on stages like Dream. Puffy actually put the people first, she would put herself in harm's way to save another. She was one of the only heroes Technoblade respected, but now that she was retired she was forgotten by the public; replaced with shinier new heroes. The Captain was now only a name hero fanatics would remember, true heroes, don't get remembered. She was a sweet lady though, she didn't judge one on if they were a villain or hero, she just saw someone as a person.

Puffy had made a name for herself in the lesser liked community, she'd lend helping hands or a warm meal to whoever needed it; expecting nothing in return. But she wasn't one to be walked over, the Captain was tough and could easily take care of herself. Not many would dare pick a fight with the wool-haired hero, and even when they did they never won. She opened up a little cafe not far from the sewers, both she and her brother made a safe haven for anyone in need.

Schlatt was... he was definitely a nuisance. He wasn't hostile or anything but the man could be extremely annoying if he wanted to be, and he usually wanted to. Still, Schlatt was an interesting fellow, friendly and outgoing, but he could flip too serious in an instant. The brunette was actually rather knowledgeable in politics and the economy, it was surprising that he wasn't once some government official or something. Maybe the world would be different if he was, for better or for worse they would never know.

So that's where he'd take Ranboo, to Puffy and hope she would have what he needed. But the journey there was proving to be difficult, the teen trailed behind him like a kicked puppy. When the pinkette tried to slow down for them the kid proceeded to slow even more, he had no idea why though.

Hurt?? Baby bird hurt?!

Did we push them too far when training?

TECHNOHELP

CARRY CHICK!!

He wasn't going to carry him Chat, the kid was walking fine so they weren't too injured and could continue walking just fine. Still, it was a tad concerning why they remained exactly two paces behind him, Techno had to keep glancing over his shoulder to make sure the blonde was still following. Eventually, he got sick of it and called out to the teen.

"Ranboo, what are you doing? Are you hurt or something?"

"Oh no, no I'm fine. I just... was following? Like you said to?"

"Then why are you staying behind me? It would be easier to keep an eye on you if you walk next to me instead of behind."

The lanky teen looked at him in confusion, head tilting as they processed his words. Techno had learned that the kid would only do certain things if told outright to do them, he tried not to use this to get them to do things but sometimes it was necessary. It was like he was terrified to step out of line, that they'd rather do nothing instead of doing something and getting reprimanded for it. Another point was added to Dream's abuse list, it was becoming painfully clear what had occurred when Ranboo lived with their brother. He didn't know how to deal with trauma though, it felt like he needed to tread carefully around the teen or risk them breaking down again.

It was obvious Ranboo was suppressing their trauma, either it was ingrained into them or it was just his natural response. What Techno did know though was that a lot of it came out at night, the kid would wake up near hyperventilating. They were silent most of the time other than their harsh wheezing, the blonde would always shove themselves as far into the corner as possible when they woke up. The first time Techno had no idea what to do, so he did the first thing Chat suggested; to hug them. It seemed to work, Ranboo eventually calmed down before apologizing for waking him up. The same thing happened three other nights, though it took less and less time for the kid to calm down which was an improvement.

He was starting to get a bit more concerned over the kid, they were basically a big ball of nerves that were ready to snap at the slightest bit of tension. So he decided to keep a closer eye on them, not because he cared but because he didn't want to deal with a panicking teenager. No matter what Chat said he wasn't soft.

Softnoblade

TECHNOSOFT!!

CARENOBLADE

Eventually, they arrived at the worn-down building, the blue paint was starting to chip. No doubt Puffy would be asking Schlatt to repaint it, and no doubt the brunette won't do it. He quickly entered the cafe, hearing Ranboo scramble after him. The place was bright and warm like usual, cat's meowing and purring could be heard everywhere in the place. He went straight for the counter where Puffy was organizing some papers, she glanced up as he approached with a bright smile.

"Well hello there Techno! I hadn't expected to see you for another few weeks or so, any specific reason you've returned early? Oh, perhaps you missed my wonderful hospitality."

"Not exactly that Puffy, see I'm in need of some materials." He nodded back towards where Ranboo was standing, bringing her attention to them. He turned his gaze back to Puffy,

seeing her eyes look over the cloaked visitor before facing Technoblade again. "Yeah, I need to get the kid's hair dyed so he isn't easily recognizable. We may be on the run."

"You're traveling with a child?"

"Yup. Teenager actually, their name is Ranboo. Bigshot himself is looking for the kid and I can't let him get his hands on them again."

"Again? What do you mean again?"

He could see how she tensed, hair poofing up with her emotions. The locks curled together even tighter than before, no doubt she was growing concerned for Ranboo. Puffy had a soft spot for kids, especially kids who were in trouble. Schlatt had begun to make conversation with the kid. Ranboo was handed a cat, their wings automatically reacting to his emotions. They snapped closed a second later when Schlatt laughed, the brunette immediately stopped and tried to comfort the kid.

The woman smirked, grabbing a cup full of pens. She dumped the pens on the counter before chucking the cup at her brother, hitting him right in the back of the head. A startled yell escaped him, Ranboo tensed up at the action and noise. The brunette glared over at the front counter, Puffy snickered at her brother's reaction. Technoblade merely watched the interaction, eyes flicking over to the kid when Puffy spoke.

"Stop scaring the kid Schlatt."

"I'm not scaring anyone- wait kid?" The brunette turned to Ranboo again, tone full of surprise. "How are you so tall and still a kid?!"

They flinched a bit at the yelling before hunching a bit, shrinking into Techno's cloak like it could hide him away. The pinkette watched how Ranboo interacted with the two, or well how his actions interacted. The kid hadn't said a word yet, at least not that Technoblade heard.

"Leave them alone Rammie, you're scaring him."

"Shit sorry kid, didn't mean to spook ya or anything."

The Captain huffed fondly before moving from behind the counter, heading towards the two. Technoblade followed after her, the height difference between the two was almost laughable. Puffy stopped in front of Ranboo, hands landing on her hips as she straightened, she looked even smaller when next to the freakishly tall teen.

"I'm Captain Puffy Schlatt, but just Puffy is fine. I'm sorry for my brother, he doesn't always think before talking."

"Hey-"

"Techno was just telling me you were looking to get your hair dyed?" They nodded slowly in reply, eyes flicking over to the pinkette before looking back at Puffy. "Well I only have a few colors to choose from at the moment, I don't get another shipment until next month but

Techno said you two couldn't wait until then. So all I have is pink and black, I hope either of those are okay."

They glanced over at Technoblade again, looking to him for permission. The villain huffed, arms crossing over his chest. He needed to make it clear to Ranboo later that they don't need permission to do every little thing, while Techno was in charge of keeping them alive it didn't mean he was in charge of everything they did.

"You're allowed to talk Ranboo, neither of these two are going to bite... well Puffy won't."

"Oi!"

"Um, yeah those colors are fine."

Puffy grinned brightly at his reply, hair loosening to look more fluffy and soft instead of the rough wool-like texture it was before. Puffy's ability was always interesting to him, being able to change your hair to different materials and textures was strange but to also be able to manipulate it? That made the ability a lot stronger and more useful, unlike Schlatt's own power. The brunette couldn't control his power, the man was destined to turn every liquid he touched into some alcoholic beverage; regardless of its container. Technoblade had to wonder if the man's ever tried turning the ocean into some fruity martini or something.

"Well then, let's get started!"

The teen was hesitant to follow after Puffy, constantly looking back to him before taking a step. The pinkette sighed before following as well, Ranboo didn't hesitate after that. He felt like he had to hold the kid's hand the whole time like if he left the kid alone for five seconds they'd start breaking down or something. Man, what else did Dream do to make the kid so passive and dependent on someone else?

Puffy led Ranboo over to an old salon-looking chair, the seat's padding was tearing and sections were missing, but it was still useable. The blonde sat down when prompted, though they kept the hood up. Technoblade had to actually tell him it was okay to lower the thing before the kid actually did it. Their gaze was focused on their shoes, his leg was bouncing, and they were fiddling with their hands.

"Kid." Ranboo's head snapped up to look at him, the actions calming a smidge as his focus was on Techno instead of whatever thoughts were causing the anxiety. "Calm down, Puffy knows a lot about hair. She does mine for me, she's not going to hurt you or anything."

"It won't hurt... right? Promise?"

Oh boy, he sighed but nodded. It wasn't a verbal promise but Ranboo seemed to accept it, they nodded in reply before looking back to the floor. While still anxious it wasn't as obvious, which was an improvement. Puffy soon returned with the two colors, handing the boxed dye over to Ranboo. The blonde hesitantly took the offered items, looking over them curiously.

"These are the only two colors I have at the moment, either one works because your hair is light enough that I won't need to use bleach like I do for Techno." The pinkette huffed, not

really caring if Puffy was attempting to make fun of him or simply tease him. "So which one do you want?"

"Uh... I can't decide. Whatever you think is best... I've never done this kind of thing before."

"Well, what about both then? That way you don't have to decide."

The teen looked up at her before glancing away quickly, he nodded before handing the boxes back to Puffy. The retired hero grinned before she turned to start preparing the dyes. Ranboo kept glancing up at Puffy as she set up, boxes and plastic bags rustling as she moved.

"So Ranboo, tell me about yourself. Techno here hasn't said much about you, but then again he isn't that great at conversation."

"Oh uh, what do you want to know?"

"Hm... hobbies, favorite color, if you have any pets, those kinds of things I guess. I'm also going to start on your hair, if I pull too hard or anything let me know so I don't accidentally do it again."

The teen nodded as Puffy moved behind them, sectioning their hair. The teen's eyes were flicking from the floor to Technoblade as if they expected him to suddenly disappear. The pinkette was leaned against the wall, staying silent and simply watching the process.

"Um, I don't really have any hobbies. I use to journal a bit, and I use to be into photography when I was younger."

"That sounds fun, I hope you can get back to doing the things you enjoy." The teen hummed in reply, tensing as the dye touched their scalp. "Sorry I should have warned you, the dye is kind of cold at first."

"It's okay Miss Puffy."

The Captain paused before cooing, hair puffing up as her grin grew. "Aw Ranboo you don't have to use Miss with me, Puffy is fine but if it makes you more comfortable I don't mind being called Miss Puffy." The blonde relaxed a bit, going to nod before stopping themselves and just humming in acknowledgment. "So do you have a favorite color?"

"Uh yeah, purple. Blue is nice as well, but my favorite would have to be purple."

The small talk continued while Puffy did her thing, everything went well, except for the rinsing part. Ranboo was stiff as a board the entire time Puffy rinsed the dye out of their hair, eyes squeezed tight as their fists balled on his thighs. It didn't slip Techno's attention that the kid was extremely uncomfortable around water, even when in the sewers they were constantly checking the tunnels as if he expected them to flood any second. The thing had been abandoned for years now, the only water remaining was runoff from rain and the melting snow.

Eventually, though the process was done, Puffy was towel drying their hair before pausing. Technoblade raised an eyebrow, having taken off his mask about twenty minutes into the

hair-dying process. The woman was looking over the kid's hair, rubbing a lock between her fingers.

"Well, that's weird."

"What?"

Puffy glanced up at him before showing a lock of Ranboo's hair, the teen even tried to get a look. Technoblade wasn't sure what he was looking for, it was just white. His confusion must have been obvious because Puffy huffed at him before looking over the rest of Ranboo's head.

"It's white still. The dye should have stuck perfectly to the white bits but they don't look like they sucked up any of the colors. The rest turned out good but the white streaks are still there."

The pinkette move over to look, seeing what she was talking about. The top of Ranboo's head was a pale pink before it faded to black, white streaks still littered his head. Now Techno didn't know much about hair and hair dye but he's pretty sure Puffy mentioned once that the lighter the hair was the easier it took the dye, and Ranboo's hair was light already but those streaks were almost pure white.

"It's fine. They won't be recognizable by their hair at least, no one would remember where each white lock was."

The teen was given a mirror, getting to look over the new colors. There was a small smile on their face as they thanked Puffy profusely, the Captain merely waved her hand saying it was no big deal. She did tell them to wait a moment as she ran to the back to the table she mixed the dyes at. She pulled out a cardboard box, digging through it before finding something.

"Aha! Found it!" She turned and hid the item behind her back, Ranboo was obviously curious, and Techno would admit that he was as well. "So Techno mentioned you two were avoiding some people, and I know Techno has his own mask and such. While a hood works it's not the most secure, my partner left a few different masks behind and I doubt she'll mind if you have one Ranboo. So here!"

Puffy held out the item in front of her, displaying it for the two. It was a split black and white plague doctor mask, the eyes were green and red, three purple dots sat in between the eyes. Ranboo looked from the mask to Puffy, trying to deny the gift but the Captain was stubborn, the kid wouldn't win against her anytime soon. So they ended up with the mask in their hands, fingers running over the leather as he looked over the item curiously.

"She won't mind?"

"Nah, Niki is a sweetheart and will love Ranboo when you bring them back."

"Puffy I'm not-"

"No you are, you just don't know it yet. That kid, they need you and honestly Technoblade, I think you need him too."

The villain was silent after that, he wasn't going to argue with the woman. She wasn't all-knowing and she didn't know what Ranboo was, let alone who they were. He didn't plan on bringing the kid back here unless necessary, he planned on getting on the first ship he could and finding Philza. After that... well Phil will know what to do with the kid. But first, he needs to get them there, which meant at least another two weeks with the kid.

Puffy showed the two-toned teen how to attach the mask to their face, looking them over before giving a thumbs up. Schlatt nearly had a heart attack when they exited the backroom, not having expected the plague doctor mask. He still complimented them on it before Puffy handed over another cat, this time Ranboo accepted the feline with little hesitance. The black cat curled up in their arms, purring up a storm.

"So where are you planning on heading next?"

"The docks."

"Well, there's a festival starting up tomorrow. Stay for the night and take the kid there, he'd probably enjoy it." Technoblade turned to stare at Schlatt, the man was nursing his drink as he watched the kid and Puffy talk. The brunette glanced at him before raising an eyebrow. "Look Blade, they're a kid. That kid is jumpier than anyone I know, they could use a distraction from whatever you two are running from. It's one day, what's the worse that can happen?"

"A lot Schlatt. It's not some random person chasing the kid, Ranboo's being targetted by the whole hero association. That means hundreds of heroes are on the lookout for them, I can't risk bringing them to a crowded event just for a bit of fun."

The brunette huffed, running a hand through his hair before throwing the rest of his drink back. The alcohol scent was strong when he spoke again.

"Think about it. A crowded place, full of civilians, low-ranked heroes around, the kid is barely recognizable with their hair and mask, and to make things better everyone will be drunk off their asses. The heroes won't disrupt the festival over a pair of criminals, one they won't even recognize. Hiding in plain sight is the best idea, especially if all the heroes are after you two."

The pinkette thought for a moment, Schlatt made some good points. Hiding within a crowd would help hide them from the heroes' gaze, letting them disappear at a moment's notice. And being around so many others would help throw Dream off a bit, the mingling scents and trails would have the smiling hero distracted for at least an entire day. Maybe Schlatt wasn't just spouting his usual bullshit.

"Fine, but after that, we are gone."

Chapter End Notes

Yay festival time next chapter!!

Fallen From Grace

Chapter Summary

Please be careful with this chapter~

:)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Death/Murder ((I've marked where to skip if this makes you uncomfortable with this symbol;; ♦ A summary will be provided in the end notes))

Dry Heaving

Panic Attack

Wounds/Injuries

Cursing

Mentions of Alcohol

Mentions of Transphobia ((Very brief))

Aftermath of Abuse/Torture

Blood

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was strange. Looking in the mirror and seeing your own face looking back at you except the color of your hair was completely different than what you woke up with. Still, Ranboo couldn't help but grow excited at the change. It was new, yet it was still them, just different.

A new hairstyle wasn't the only thing Miss Puffy gave him though. The woman even pulled out a leather mask that looked almost brand new, it even matched his wings. They were reluctant to accept such a gift, the feeling of unworthiness crawling up his throat as he declined. Miss Puffy didn't accept that and insisted he take the thing, she practically shoved it into their arms.

Ranboo would admit he really liked the mask, it was something they would want if seen in some store or something. It was something Dream would never let him have. The thought that this gift would be ripped away from them and destroyed like every other item given to him had their stomach rolling. The teen knew gifts didn't last long, either taken back or destroyed. He really hoped this one they could keep safe, at least for a little while.

He felt bad about scaring Schlatt with the mask, the man nearly fell off his stool in shock. But before they could even start apologizing the brunette burst out laughing, complimenting them on the face cover. Ranboo was thankful for the mask in that moment as it covered up his flushed cheeks, they've never been good at accepting compliments or praises. Probably because they were always followed up with some flaw of his or a comment on their lack of common sense. But Schlatt didn't say anything bad, he just said the mask looked good on them and that was it.

It was strange. Everything was strange these days. Ranboo thought he knew what to expect of others, that they knew how people acted, and yet everything they've thought as truth seemed to be false. Their brother always spoke about how people were cruel, they'd use you until there was nothing useful about you left. And Ranboo believed him. They had believed him when Technoblade showed up in their room, he believed him when the pinkette found out about their healing, they expected the villain to then use him as a personal medkit... but he wasn't?

That's what confused the teen the most. Sure Technoblade hasn't gotten horribly hurt yet and this kindness could change at any moment, but it's been over a week now... and still, the man was nice to them. Why? He could tell Ranboo to do whatever he wanted and they would listen. So why didn't he? Was he trying to gain their trust? Did he think Ranboo wouldn't listen? They've been listening to everything he said so far, so that couldn't have been it. Gaining their trust was useless, a waste of time really. Ranboo didn't even trust himself let alone anyone else.

And then there were the Schlatt siblings. Miss Puffy was extremely nice, she looked so happy simply talking to him. She smiled so warmly, it wasn't those fake polite smiles that others forced themselves to wear, Miss Puffy's smiles were genuine and Ranboo doesn't know what they did to deserve them. Schlatt was loud and a bit scary, but he was nice and whenever Ranboo shrunk away from his boisterous nature he lowered his volume immediately.

It confused them, why these two were being so nice? The winged teen was confident this was just a pit stop on Techno's travels, they weren't going to be staying here long so what was the point of being nice to Ranboo? Was it because Technoblade brought him here? Did they think Ranboo was someone important enough to be given this kindness?

Everything was confusing and strange. It made their head spin with questions yet they couldn't think of any answers.

Why were they all so nice to him?



When Technoblade came over to him and Miss Puffy they expected to be told they were leaving now. So the teen handed the cat he had been holding back to Miss Puffy, they were sad to have to leave but he didn't want to complain and have Techno get mad at them. Instead

of that though the pinkette informed them they'd be staying the night. Ranboo was both shocked and confused. They are pretty sure they remember Techno mentioning they wouldn't be here long and would be leaving as soon as possible. Did something happen?

Miss Puffy seemed happy to have them staying, eagerly showing them to the small guest room. There was only one single twin-sized bed, Miss Puffy apologized but offered to bring in extra blankets and a sleeping bag. Technoblade agreed, waving her off as he walked into the room. Ranboo followed right at his heels, fingers fiddling with the mask still in their grasp. He took it off after Miss Puffy kept handing them cats to hold, they didn't want to accidentally poke the felines with the mask's beak.

"-oo? Are you listening?"

"Hm? Yeah yeah, I'm listening." It was obvious Technoblade didn't believe them whatsoever, he even raised an eyebrow. "I... I wasn't... sorry."

Instead of the yelling or an annoyed sigh they expected, the villain merely repeated what he had said; seemingly not caring that Ranboo wasn't paying attention earlier.

"I said you could take the bed while I take the floor."

What? Why? Wouldn't it be smarter to have Ranboo sleep on the floor while he took the bed? Technoblade wasn't short but he'd fit better on the bed than Ranboo would, plus it would be more comfortable. So why was he offering it to Ranboo instead?

"Wha-?"

"Okay boys I got some extras pillows and blankets, plus I got one of Schlatt's old sleeping bags from when he used to go camping all the time!"

Miss Puffy returned with blankets and pillows in her arms while kicking a rolled-up sleeping bag into the room. She dropped the mounds of fabric onto the end of the bed, dusting off her hands with a bright grin. She then looked at the two of them, arms resting on her hips.

"Now before I let either of you sleep for the night you both smell like you crawled out of the sewers, which I believe is exactly what you two did. So! You're both getting showers before bed. Techno you can go use the hallway bathroom since you know where it is, I even made sure Schlatt didn't steal any of the shampoos you left here last time."

Technoblade wasted no time, walking past them and heading towards wherever the hallway bathroom was. Ranboo automatically felt uncomfortable without the pinkette there, last time he left things turned out rather... bloody.

"As for you Ranboo, you can use the master bathroom. It's connected to my and my partner's room, but since she's not home right now she won't mind if you commandeer the bathroom for the night."

Miss Puffy herded him out of the room, nudging them along as she went on to describe the different soaps and shampoos both her and Niki had. The teen wasn't too thrilled with the

idea of bathing, while he didn't outright hate it they still disliked it greatly. Thankfully though the master bathroom had a shower. Showering was always better than actual bathing, being submerged was the last thing they wanted to do.

He was shown how to work the shower and given free rein over what shampoos and soaps to use, there weren't a whole lot of choices but there was one that smelled like strawberries; Ranboo decided that was the one he'd be using.

"I'm guessing Techno didn't bring any extra clothes for you huh?"

The teen shrugged while glancing away. They didn't want to get the villain in trouble or anything, it wasn't his job to take care of Ranboo or anything.

"He said we'd get some later... but it's fine I can just wear what I'm wearing."

"Ranboo, dear, I can't in good conscious let you sleep in those clothes. I'll go snag something from Schlatt and I can throw both your clothes and Techno's in the wash."

"You don't ha--"

"It's no trouble and I'd feel better knowing you're sleeping in comfortable clothes instead of jeans. I'll leave you some clothes and you can just leave your dirty ones in this basket, if you need anything just yell, I'll be in the other room."

Miss Puffy left after that, only returning with a set of clothes before exiting once more. Ranboo was once again left confused. He was positive this kindness wasn't going to last, that the other shoe would drop. That Miss Puffy and Schlatt would laugh at him for believing they were being nice just to be nice. And they knew they shouldn't think like that, it was beyond rude to think such mean things about the two, but their anxiety wasn't letting up.

It took a few tries but eventually, they had the shower on and the water was decently warm. He hoped Miss Puffy didn't mind that they were using warm water, she didn't say he couldn't but still. In the end, they only used the warm water for five minutes before turning it to barely lukewarm.

Showering with wings was a struggle but Ranboo likes to think they perfected the art. Bending the limbs when needed to maneuver, spreading them to avoid the water so they didn't get absolutely drenched and waterlogged. He did make sure to get them damp, a small helping of soap and shampoo coated the feathers before they rinsed the appendages off. They stung a bit from when Dream ripped feathers out but it wasn't that bad so they didn't give the tiny wounds any more thought.

The wound on their arm was a bit more of a struggle, it wasn't horrible anymore. Technoblade had been pretty good with checking on it, he even rebandaged the injury a few times. It wasn't open but the skin was still sensitive, no doubt it would scar but that was fine they had bigger scars elsewhere; what was one more?

Miss Puffy had given them a simple grey t-shirt with some band name on it and a pair of drawstring sweatpants, they needed to pull the string and tie it off just so the fabric would

remain on him instead of falling to the floor like it wanted to. The clothes were soft though, he'd need to thank both Miss Puffy and Schlatt for letting him borrow the clothing.

They left their clothes where instructed but were left with a predicament; what did he do with Techno's cloak? Did they leave it here with the rest or should they take it back to the room? It was also dirty but it wasn't theirs, would Techno want it washed like the rest of the clothes? What if it needed to be washed by hand? Should he do that?

They weren't left to stew in their thoughts for long, a knock on the door was heard before a poofy head of hair peeked in. Miss Puffy must be a mind reader or something because she easily figured out Ranboo's dilemma.

"Oh don't worry about that old thing, I'm sure I've scrubbed more stains out of that cloak than I have out of Schlatt's shirts when he spills something on himself."

So the teen left it along with his own clothes, feeling guilty for making Miss Puffy have to clean them. They knew he wasn't making Miss Puffy do anything and that she was the one to insist she'd clean them but that guilt was still there, nagging him.

By the time Ranboo was led back to the guest room the sun had already set, stars and the moon were climbing the sky and giving off silver light. Miss Puffy left them at the door, saying a simple goodnight and ruffling their drying hair. The action wasn't new, Techno had been doing the same thing a lot, but it was new from Miss Puffy. Was their hair soft or something? Was that why they kept ruffling it?

The teen slipped into the room, unsure if the pinkette had returned from his own showering or not. But sure enough, there was a lump on the floor, back facing the door. They couldn't tell if Techno was awake or not, so they crept into the room quietly. He had hoped to beat the other here so he could claim the floor. They didn't want to wake Techno up just so he could have the bed, there were so many ways that could go wrong. So they would have to suck it up and just sleep on the bed, he knew if he pulled the blankets to the floor Techno would be upset with them for wasting the bed.

The mattress was a bit creaky, the teen freezing at the first noise, afraid he'd accidentally woke up the villain sleeping mere feet away. But when the pinkette didn't move they figured they were in the clear. So slowly they inched onto the bed, crawling under the blankets before curling onto their side. His wings pushed at the covers as they moved to drape over them, making his own makeshift blanket underneath the fabric ones.

They don't know how long they stayed awake just staring at the wall and thinking, but eventually they drifted off into dreamless sleep.

Waking up was always strange, half the time they never knew if he was truly awake or still in a dream. One thing he was getting used to though was waking up in unfamiliar places, this should probably be more concerning than it is.

It took a minute but eventually he recognized their surroundings; Miss Puffy's guest room. Light was pouring out of the openings in the blinds, coating the room with warm orange light. The room was chilly but not freezing, Ranboo was reluctant to leave the warm cocoon of blankets that surrounded him. Still, they sat up and glanced over to where they remembered Technoblade being last.

There wasn't even a pile of blankets left, just empty carpeted floor.

Ranboo bit back the whine that threatened to escape his throat. Techno wasn't in the room anymore. He wouldn't leave, right? Not without saying something right? What if he did though? He finally got sick of dealing with Ranboo and dumped him on Miss Puffy and Schlatt. Surely not... right?

They fisted the blankets, wings pulling themselves closer to him. This was fine, they were okay. They knew Technoblade planned on leaving them eventually, he even said he would leave them with someone else so Dream didn't find them. But he thought it would take a lot longer before that happened. And they weren't even that far away from the hero headquarters! He could walk back if they wanted! It'd take a day at least but they could do it.

They were pulled from their thoughts as the door opened, a figure freezing in the doorway as Ranboo's head snapped up to look at them. Technoblade had half of his body through the doorway, one hand on the door handle while the other held a mug of coffee. He was wearing a black t-shirt with some flaming skull design on it, a pair of red plaid sweatpants, and mismatched socks, his hair was pulled back into a messy bun, a few strands had escaped but not enough to hinder his vision. He looked very different than his usual Blood God image.

"Mornin' kid. Sleep well?"

The teen nodded dumbly, a bit shocked to see that the villain was indeed still here and they weren't abandoned. It also didn't help to see the Blade of all people look so casual, Ranboo was almost sure they were in some strange dream or maybe a nightmare.

"Want some coffee?"



Schlatt can make pretty good pancakes. He did need Miss Puffy to pour the milk into the batter though, claiming he didn't want to get Ranboo drunk. Which they appreciated, he hasn't been drunk but they would really not like to be intoxicated anytime soon.

During breakfast, the siblings discussed something about a festival, Schlatt mentioning that Technoblade agreed to go. Ranboo wasn't sure why the villain would agree to go to a crowded place when they were currently trying to avoid every hero in the city, they didn't argue though, and he may or may not be a bit excited to go. Schlatt and Miss Puffy made it sound so fun, and he can remember his parents taking them and Dream to a festival before. He doesn't remember much of those days but they knew they were fun and nice, they also knew they missed that time.

As soon as Miss Puffy finished taking all the dirty plates to the sink she started talking about clothing. Ranboo shrunk in his seat when she started berating Technoblade about the teen's lack of wardrobe, this was what they didn't want happening. The pinkette huffed and complained but eventually agreed to get them more clothing options after the festival. He didn't seem too upset about it but Ranboo still felt like it was his fault the man even got in trouble in the first place.

Miss Puffy stated if they were going to the festival they weren't going to be wearing their old clothes. Ranboo was pretty sure he'd freeze if they went outside in the clothes he wore now, yet once again Miss Puffy must have read their mind or something because she was soon ushering Ranboo back to her room for clothes.

The teen was sat down on the edge of the bed while the woman ran around her room looking for clothing. They tried to tell her this wasn't necessary and that he was perfectly fine wearing their own clothes, but Miss Puffy was having none of it. She just asked him what kinds of fabric he preferred, what colors they liked to wear, and if he had any preferences for styles. Ranboo's mind was left reeling, unsure how to answer any of these questions. Most of the time they just wore whatever Dream bought them or told them to wear, usually he got to choose from their pile of clothes but once in a while Dream had them wear a suit or something because he was meeting with someone important and Ranboo needed to look presentable.

“What about a skirt?”

That got their attention. A skirt? Was that allowed? Dream never gave them skirts or dresses or anything considered feminine. They remember finding one of their mother's old skirts once, trying it on before Dream got back. The skirt was burned in a fire pit not even less than an hour later.

“Is... am I allowed to?”

Miss Puffy paused, hand still holding onto dark fabric as she turned to look at him. The teen could feel their feathers bristle, terrified he said something wrong. They opened their mouth to try and apologize, to try and backpedal, but before they could Miss Puffy was speaking again.

“Of course it is kiddo. If you wanna wear a skirt you can, clothes don't have gender it's just fabric.”

She was smiling at him but her smile held concern or worry, he couldn't tell which.

In the end, a simple outfit was put together; a thick desaturated purple sweater that looked like it would be long on even Ranboo, a pair of black leggings that were beyond soft, and lastly a simple dark grey skirt that Miss Puffy said Schlatt wore one Halloween when the siblings and Miss Puffy's partner Niki dressed up as the Heathers.

"I don't have any cloaks though, but knowing Technoblade he's probably already found one somewhere for you."

He did indeed. When the two exited the room to return to the guest room Techno was rummaging through his bag, looking nonchalant but folded up on the guest bed was a dark purple almost black cloak with a shiny teal button that looked almost like a dragon eye. He told Ranboo to wear that one so he could have his cloak back. The teen was disappointed they couldn't keep wearing the warm red fabric but those feelings disappeared when they held the new cloak in their hands. It was just as heavy as Techno's, warm as well. The fur lining the hood and end was silky and charcoal colored, and just as soft as the other one; maybe even more so.

Ranboo was very happy with the gift.



The festival itself was interesting. A lot of people were gathered around one area, the streets were filled with crowds. Families were taking their kids to play games and eat sweet foods, laughter was nearly as loud as the music that played. Ranboo stuck close to Technoblade's side, nearly stepping on the man's cloak.

The pinkette had his hood up, covering his hair and most of his skull mask. The teen's own hood was up as well, mask fit snugly on their face. He trailed after the older male like a duckling, head swiveling at the noises before returning to the man's red cloak. The villain would glance back at him every so often, whenever they were in a less crowded area Techno told Ranboo to stay at his side instead of behind him.

They couldn't have been there long, maybe an hour at most when a boisterous voice called out; the sound was eerily familiar. Technoblade merely sighed and stopped, head turning to whoever yelled. Ranboo followed his gaze spotting two teens quickly making their way over to them. He stepped back so Technoblade was between them and the two newcomers, almost using the villain as a shield.

The two stopped right in front of Techno, the blonde teen opened his mouth to say something but stopped when he noticed Ranboo. The brunette followed his gaze and paused as well, all three teenagers stared at each other before the blonde spoke up.

"Oi who's this bitch?"

“Doesn’t matter, what do you two gremlins want? Aren’t you both supposed to be out doing vigilante things?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be doing villain things?”

The two continued to bicker, they wouldn’t call it an argument since the blonde was the only one yelling while Techno was replying in his usual monotone voice. A hand touched their arm and they flinched, recoiling away from the touch immediately. His head turned to spot who touched him, low and behold it was the brunette.

The other teen had wavy caramel-colored hair that faded to a light blonde, dark green eyes showed from beneath the brown and gold mask he wore; striped like a bee. The teen looked like he would work at a mechanic shop; thick brown gloves, even thicker brown boots, dark brown pants that look almost like denim, two belts crisscrossed around his waist, and a faded green turtleneck sweater. What was even stranger about the boy was the wide grin he gave Ranboo.

“Hey Sexy, haven’t seen you around these parts.”

At first, he was just shocked at the other’s forward greeting, and then the words set in. He could feel their face heat up, beyond grateful for the mask and its full-face covering. Still, the brunette must have noticed their embarrassment and flustered state because he started giggling.

“I can’t believe that worked, that has never worked on anyone! You know what I like you, let’s hang out!”

The other didn’t even wait for a reply, he just grabbed onto Ranboo’s hand and dragged him around. They were too frazzled to even fight against the other, merely following after him.

“So, what’s your name? Mine’s Tubbo. Usually, I’d keep that a secret and all but you were with the Blade and he never has people who aren’t Phil hang around him, especially at places like these so I figure telling you my name won’t hurt. Anyway, it’s a nickname so good luck hunting me down with that!”

“Um...” Should he be talking to this person? Probably not. Tubbo didn’t seem like a bad guy, a little straight forward but he seems nice. And what could go wrong with telling him their name? He was already on the run from every hero in the city, probably even the surrounding cities as well. “Ranboo... my name’s Ranboo.”

“Well Boo, let’s go have some fun!”

Tubbo dragged Ranboo from stall to stall, having them play games for prizes that seemed impossible to get. Neither of them ended up winning any of the big prizes Tubbo was aiming for, they did win smaller prizes though. A few pieces of candy, some tiny bubble vials, a ribbon, even a pair of plastic rings. The brunette claimed them to be wedding bands and that now the two of them were married. Ranboo didn’t have the heart to tell him that it didn’t work like that.

Running around a festival with Tubbo was something, he wasn't sure if it would be considered fun but they think they were enjoying themselves. He should probably get back to Techno soon though, they didn't know if the pinkette would be upset with their sudden disappearance or not. So after a few games with the brunette, most they ended up losing, Tubbo stopped to answer a call from his cell phone. The device had a cute little bee charm attached that swung with the movement of the phone.

"Sorry about ditching you bossman but I gotta go, gotta save some damsels and such ya know how it is!" They did in fact not know how it was. "But hey if you're going to be sticking around with Techno I'm sure we will run into each other again! So until then..."

Tubbo bowed dramatically, taking Ranboo's hand and kissing the back of it. The winged teen had no idea how to respond to any of that.

"Don't forget about me Boo!"

The brunette was soon running off, leaving behind a stunned Ranboo. What just happened? Tubbo was strange, even more so than anyone they have ever met. But it was kind of nice? It was weird and definitely nerve-racking but Ranboo liked spending time with the brunette, even if it involve losing a bunch of games.

He didn't know what to think of Tubbo. The boy was strange and chaotic, being around him felt like Ranboo was stuck in a tornado and was swept in every direction. But it wasn't bad per se, more disorienting than anything. They still wanted to see the other again, and since Tubbo seemed to know Techno at least somewhat then there was the possibility of seeing the other again.

But for now, they should find their way back to Technoblade.

Ranboo had been searching for a few minutes, not very long, when a hand grabbed his shoulder. It wasn't Techno's callus-covered hand, and that put them on edge. Memories of what Technoblade said about how if the hero's found him they would either kill him or drag them back to Dream played on repeat in their head as they slowly turned to see who had a hold of them.

He hadn't expected to see their brother's smiling mask staring right back at them.

They froze for a second, ears ringing as their mouth went dry. Why was he here?! Techno said it would take longer for him to find them! But Dream was here! Right in front of them! Of course, he'd find them! He always did! It was strange they could outrun him for a week, of course he'd appear soon!

The teen felt their joints lock up, fists balling at their side, their wings threatened to spread; to escape or as a threat, they didn't know. The area they were in was less crowded than before, only a few people were within sight.

Dream was still staring at them, he was probably saying something but Ranboo's fear-filled brain wasn't processing it. That wasn't good, Dream was going to be upset if they didn't pay attention soon. Dream moved, reaching for something in his pocket and Ranboo reacted.



The teen grabbed the other's arm, ripping it off of them. His mind was replaying all those sparring sessions with Technoblade, they could practically hear the man's voice coaching them through the movements. Dream attempted to throw a punch but they dodge, pivoting to slam their own fist into their brother's gut. It wasn't a strong punch, they knew that, but still, Dream staggered back.

The teen took the opening.

He didn't know what they were doing, if they were in the right mindset none of this would have ever happened. All they knew now were what Techno taught him and to survive by any means necessary.

That's how they found themselves, boot pressed up against Dream's throat. He wasn't moving. Why wasn't he moving? How did Ranboo even pin the older male? Ranboo wasn't strong, definitely not strong enough to take down Dream of all people so why-

...that wasn't Dream...

Dream's hair wasn't that long. Dream wasn't that short. Dream didn't wear a T-shirt and jeans. And worse of all Dream's eyes weren't blue.

Ranboo backpedaled immediately. Their breathing picked up, not enough oxygen was being inhaled.

That wasn't Dream.

He could feel his body start trembling.

That wasn't Dream!

One step back, two, three, and then they were sprinting in the opposite direction.

That wasn't Dream! That wasn't Dream! **THAT WASN'T DREAM!**

What did he do? We're they okay? No, they weren't moving! We're they breathing? He can't remember! Why can't they remember!? They- They killed someone! He didn't hesitate! Why didn't they hesitate!? What's wrong with them?!

He crashed to the ground, hidden in some back alley. They remained kneeling on the ground, ripping off their mask as they tried to get as much air as they could. Flashes of the person's blue eyes staring at them in fear as that white smiling mask fell to the ground.

Their stomach constricted as they dry heaved, tears trailing down their cheeks and hitting the cold pavement below them.

What did they do?

What did they do?!

He hurt someone. He... he killed someone! He needed to go back. They needed to fix this. They needed to go revive them.

They went to push themselves up only to crash back down again. Their legs shook and trembled, they buckled the second he put weight on them.

No... no no no! He needed to go fix this! They didn't have long! What if they couldn't fix it? What if it's been over a minute? He shouldn't have run. They should have fixed it as soon as possible. What's wrong with him? They've seen dead bodies, he's resurrected people! Yet they ran from someone they just...

...why did he do that?



They don't know how long they sat there, stuck in their own mind as it replayed the event over and over again. Why couldn't his busted memory forget that memory? The one time they want to forget something it keeps replaying over and over again!

Footsteps.

The sound of footsteps grew louder as they grew closer. He should get up and run, but they were still shaking and breathing was still hard. Could they even stand up right now?

The footsteps picked up speed, growing even louder. Almost like a drum was banging right next to their ear.

“-d?”

The voice was low, familiar in a way.

“-id? Kid, what happened?”

Oh. That was Technoblade.

Ranboo should be scared, he should have the need to flee instantly. But with the lack of energy came a sense of calm. It was strange.

Technoblade's boots came into view, his cape falling around him as he kneeled in front of them. Hands cupped their cheeks and lifted his head, their mismatched eyes landed on Techno's own maroon ones. The pinkette's gaze was flicking across them, looking for something.

“Are you hurt? What happened?”

They didn’t think they were hurt. Or physically at least.

“N-no.”

Their voice was shaky at best. His throat constricted as the urge to cry came back stronger than before. They held it back as much as possible but tears still slipped from the corners of their eyes. Apologies bubbled out of them, a mantra of ‘I’m sorry’s’ falling from their lips as their voice hitched and wobbled.

They were a blubbering mess as they tried to explain that he didn’t mean to kill that person. Honest, he was scared and acted on instinct. They swear they didn’t mean it. It was an accident.

Technoblade was about to reply, to either yell at them or comfort them Ranboo wasn’t sure. He also didn’t know which one he’d prefer right now. But before any words left him a loud noise went off...

BANG

Chapter End Notes

Summary by the lovely;; [I_Thirst_For_Violence](#)

A hand is set on Ranboo's shoulder, expecting to see Techno, he turns around only to see the smiling mask of their brother. Their brain short circuits for a bit, before he jumps into action, dodging and punching, eventually pinning the masked person with their boot. It's then that he realizes, Dream is taller than this person, Dream has shorter hair, and doesn't wear this type of clothes. Dreams eyes aren't blue. Ranboo runs, realizing the person's lungs are no longer functioning at all. Techno finds the sobbing teenager as Ranboo apologizes, a blubbering mess of emotion. Before any more words were said, a bang is heard and the chapter ends.

Blazing Rage

Chapter Summary

💣💣 BANG BANG 💣💣

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Wounds/Injuries

Violence

Mentioned Death/Murder

Burns

Cursing

Mentions of Abuse

Mentions of Claustrophobia/Crowded Places

Panic Attacks

Mentions of Major Character Death (Temporary)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He still wasn't sure how Schlatt managed to convince him this was a good idea. He hated crowded places, too many people, too many sounds. Even now he was feeling almost claustrophobic, it felt like almost too much.

And to make matters worse two menaces appeared, spotting him almost instantly. Technoblade prepared himself for the two's constant chattering. He glanced to his side, remembering he wasn't alone at the moment. So he moved to position himself in front of the kid, not like he needed to protect them from these two. Still, he would prefer if they didn't notice his ward, it would make his job ten times easier.

His efforts were in vain.

It was obvious once Tommy spotted the teen behind him, open mouth shutting and being replaced with a frown. The other followed his friend's gaze and also spotted the taller teen, though Tubbo's reaction was at least friendly.

“Oi, who's this bitch?”

“Doesn't matter, what do you two gremlins want? Aren't you both supposed to be out doing vigilante things?”

The pinkette hoped Tommy would drop it, he didn't want to explain why Ranboo was with him. He did have a few pressing questions for the blonde though, mainly why he didn't mention the revival item being an actual living person.

“Aren't you supposed to be doing villain things?”

The blonde retorted, hands landing on his hips. Tommy was wearing his usual outfit; a dull red hoodie, ripped faded jeans, bright scarlet sneakers, mismatched socks, and his black and red mask. It was obvious both he and Tubbo were planning on going out and causing problems, or they were just returning from causing problems.

“Well, Theseus, who's to say I am not in the middle of a crime at this very moment? Are you going to arrest me?”

That caused the blonde to pause, mouth flapping as he tried to think up a response. Technoblade smirked under his mask, it was always fun to have Tommy fumbling for a comeback.

“Well! You- You know I can't! Wilbur would have my head if I got you arrested!”

“Honestly I doubt you could arrest me, Tommy.”

The teen grumbled, puffing out his cheeks as he mumbled curses under his breath. Now while it was funny to tease the younger male, Techno had actual important questions he needed answers for.

Ask him about Dream!!

No no, ask him about Boo!!

Yeah! Ask him about bird baby!!

Where is our child anyway??

GONE?!

Oh boy.

Sure enough, glancing behind him revealed absolutely nothing, no tall teen was standing there. Great, he lost the kid, just great. Now he'd need to go find the kid before someone else did, it would make his life ten times harder if they happened to run into some hero out here before Techno could find him.

“I think Tubbo ran off with your friend a few minutes ago.”

His head turned back to Tommy, the blonde was no longer pouting. He had his arms crossed over his chest as he leaned on his left leg, eyebrow raised as he observed the pinkette. While

he may get on Tommy for not being the brightest the kid sure was observant, a bit too much if you asked him.

“I'm not worried.”

The blonde snorted before smirking, “Sure you're not Blade, whatever you say.”

He wasn't soft, not at all. Chat didn't seem to agree with him though, almost all the voices claimed he was a big fat liar.

Softnoblade!!

Technodad!!

Mama Bird!!

You're soft Techno, admit it!!

He growled under his breath, he wasn't going to get into this argument with Chat again. He's already had it twice today alone. He woke up early and the second his eyes landed on the bed Chat started cooing about how ‘adorable the baby bird was’ and how ‘Techno cared about them’. He denied it all yet Chat didn't let up.

After that Chat was teasing him for getting the kid a cloak. Look he just wanted his own back, if he went out in crowded places his hair would give him away instantly! It was for his own protection, not the kid's! And so what if he made sure to grab one similar to his own? That didn't make him soft, he wasn't doing this out of worry or care. He just didn't want the kid getting them caught! Wings were a pain to hide, and the kid's just happened to be easily recognizable.

He was looking out for his own safety.

“It doesn't matter, you-” The pinkette pointed to Tommy, his finger pressing into the blonde's chest. “-are going to help me find them, got it?”

“What why?! I'm not a babysitter!”

“Because Theseus, if you and Peres didn't bother us I'd know where the kid is.”

The blonde grumbled, something about ‘stupid Greek nicknames’ and multiple ‘motherfuckers’. He didn't care of Tommy hated his nicknames, Techno sent many hours finding each one of them names so none of them got blamed for cooperating with the ‘enemy’ or whatever else the heroes said.

“Fine! Whatever! But I don't know where they went, knowing Tubbo he could have dragged that guy all across town by now.”

“Well, then we better start walking.”

“Look, I have no idea what the revival thing Dream has is. I already told you this.”

The blonde grumbled out, hands shoved deep into his hoodie’s pockets. He was kicking a stray pebble as they walked, sneakers getting scuffed on the asphalt. Techno had been pestering Tommy for answers ever since they started looking for the other two teens, nearly half an hour ago.

“Humor me, what exactly happened?”

“Fine. I was out patrolling, like usual. Dream showed up and was being his usual bitchy self, going on about how he’d arrest me and all that shit. I told him to suck it and ran, got pretty far too. I figured he stopped chasing me so I turned into an alleyway, fucker ambushed me. He literally jumped off a roof to tackle me!”

The blonde was now waving his arms around as he spoke, voice growing in volume. Thankfully they seemed to have found themselves in a less crowded area, though the few strangers left all stared at the two with confusion.

“He started going on and on about how he could finally put me in my place or whatever, I didn’t believe him so I cursed him out like usual. But then he smirked, honestly I’ve never seen him make that face before. Next thing I know he’s punching me, just going full out. It hurt like a bitch, and he wouldn’t shut up about becoming a god.”

Tommy grew silent after that, head tilted down to stare at his feet as they walked. The first time the blonde told him this story Techno didn’t believe him, not fully at least. But now that he knew everything Tommy said was an actual possibility, it brought a lot of things into perspective.

Poor baby boy

RIP that Tommy AYE!!

Not the time!!

L

Chat had varying reactions to the news, at first they called Tommy a liar. Now they just either didn’t care or felt pity to the blonde.

“I woke up on a rooftop, the sky was pitch black. There were no stars, no moon, nothing but darkness. And when I looked over the edge? It was pure nothingness, just darkness there too. It was like I was trapped on this super tall rooftop with no way down. I didn’t know what was going on, I didn’t know where I was. All I knew was I was scared and... I knew I was dead.”

The pinkette glanced at him, watching as Tommy seemed to tense up and grow more closed off. His hands were clenched around his sleeves, tugging the fabric down so it covered a

good majority of his hands.

“I don't know how long I was there, it felt like hours. But then, there was this bright light. It just showed up and then a voice was asking me if I wanted to come back, if I wanted to be revived. I... I didn't know what was going on, so I said yes. A hand was offered to me and I grabbed it. The light led me over to the edge, I was sure we were going to just fall... But we didn't. It was like there was this invisible bridge, one that led straight to this bright golden door. The light person opened the door and gestured for me to enter, they didn't say anything else though.”

Tommy paused, standing still for a moment before looking up at the pinkette. There was something in his gaze, something haunted almost.

“I walked through. Next thing I know I'm waking up in this room, Dream looming over me. He was smirking, laughing at how he could control life and death. I didn't hang around long, the second he looked away I shifted to a crow and dove out the window. I didn't stop until I made it home. The next morning I went to you, I knew you would want to know about something like this.”

After that the teen stopped talking, just silently followed behind Technoblade. This explanation gave Techno even more questions than before. Tommy died, he went somewhere before he was brought back. He could figure out the light Tommy saw was most likely Ranboo, or a manifestation of the kid's powers. But why didn't Ranboo recognize Tommy immediately? He could understand how Tommy didn't, he said he only saw light; no discerning features.

He'd need to ask the kid more about his whole revival thing and what they did to actually revive people. But first, he'd need to find the teen, which was proving difficult.

Techno's head turned when the blonde made a 'tsk' noise. Tommy was staring at his phone, little disc charm swinging wildly from his movements.

“Look Blade, I gotta run. Good luck with finding your kid or whatever.”

Technoblade didn't even get a chance to correct the younger, the blonde was already running off. Tommy didn't even know what he started but now Chat wouldn't shut up.

Our kid!!

Ranboo's our kid!!

Technodad!!

Fatherhood here we come!!

“Oh no, we are not doing this again. We are not anyone's dad, we don't have any kids Chat. Once we figure out where to dump the kid that's it, no more kid.”

Chat practically hissed at him, like a disgruntled cat showing its obvious displeasure. Chat would have to get over it, Ranboo wouldn't be sticking around for long. He had no plans of

keeping the kid, he'd find them a nice place with an adequate babysitter, and then he was leaving. He was a villain, not a nanny for fuck's sake.

He spent a few minutes arguing with Chat, the voices refusing to back down. He's going to need to find something else for them to get attached to or else he may end up stuck with the kid until Chat grew tired of them.

Wait, what's that??

Something ran into that alley!!

Go check it out!!

What if it's a raccoon?? Can we keep it?!

The pinkette sighed audibly, already feeling a headache coming on from the voices' constant arguing. Still, he found himself heading towards the alleyway. He had his hand ready to flick his ring, just in case whatever was in the alley was actually a threat and not some harmless animal.

What he found though was not an animal, instead he saw someone kneeling on the ground. Their back was facing him, dark cloak covering them in shadows, but Technoblade could spot pink. He knew instantly that this was the kid he had been looking for.

He moved closer, shoulders no longer tense. He had to pause at the sound of labored breathing, his own anxiety picking up. Chat was not helping in the slightest, they were all arguing over what to do but it sounded more like gibberish to Technoblade.

His steps sped up, reaching the kid's side quickly. Are they okay? Hurt? Were they having a panic attack again? What caused it? How did he calm them down?

"Kid?"

No response, just more struggling gulps of air.

"Kid? Kid, what happened?"

He moved to instead be in front of the teen, kneeling down and quickly looking over them. He didn't see any obvious wounds or injuries, there wasn't any blood staining the kid's clothes so that was a good sign.

His hands went to the teen's cheeks, moving their head up so he could get a better read on what was going on. Ranboo stared at him while Techno's own gaze flicked over their face. Again there were no obvious signs of injuries, honestly the only issue was that the kid looked pale and ready to pass out at any moment.

"Are you hurt?" His eyes soon found the mismatched ones of his charge, looking for answers. "What happened?"

No he wasn't worried, he just had to make sure the kid wasn't dying or something. He promised he'd keep them alive and safe until he found a place for them, so that's what he was doing... Just his job... Nothing more.

“N-no...”

Ranboo's voice was wobbling, cracking as the words left his mouth. Something happened, Technoblade just had to figure out what. he didn't get long to debate on what apparently happened because soon the kid was a sobbing mess.

Technoblade still has no idea how to handle crying children, he'd like to say he's gotten a bit better with the week of dealing with Ranboo, but he's no expert. The pinkette has no idea what he should do in this situation. Hugging the kid was helpful when they woke up from nightmares, and getting him to focus helped with panic attacks, but what about breakdowns?

This wasn't the same as the previous panic attacks, Ranboo seemed fully focused on the present. They were spouting constant apologies for something Techno didn't even know about. He kept going on about how it was an accident, that they hadn't meant to, and how sorry he was.

The pinkette opened his mouth, ready to question what exactly Ranboo was talking about, but before he could a loud noise nearly shook the ground.

BANG

Shit, that was an explosion, definitely not a good sign. His head swiveled up, looking to the entrance of the alley. He could just barely make out a smoke cloud forming, screaming also started up as more explosions went off.

He couldn't stay here, both he and the kid needed to leave. **Now.**

“Okay here's the plan kid; we are going to run in the opposite direction of the smoke and commotion. Well stick to the alleys and less crowded streets, stay close got it?”

As he spoke he reached for the discarded mask, fitting it over the teen's head. Once that was secured he pulled their hood up, making sure it wasn't going to fall off easily. He didn't wait for a reply, he grabbed their arm and hauled them up. Ranboo was shaking, legs barely holding him up. That wasn't going to work, if the kid could barely stand how the hell were they going to be able to run?

“Change of plans, hold on.”

Desperate times call for desperate measures. So he wrapped an arm around the kid's midsection, flipping them up so they were being held against his shoulder. Ranboo shrieked at the movement, flailing for a few seconds before settling. Techno made sure he had a secure grip on the teen's legs and back before he rushed out of the alley and towards a different one.

He should probably be concerned about what caused those explosions, but his focus was split between finding a way out of the area and how light the kid actually was. They had giant

wings, he should at least weigh a decent amount, but nope the kid was light as a feather.

The two maybe managed to cross through three different alleyways before Techno skidded to a halt. Right in front of the exit to the alleyway stood a hero, Inferno to be exact. The second Techno spotted him the ravenette also noticed him, face contorting into a hateful glare.

Well, that wasn't good.

Out of all the heroes they could have stumbled upon, it had to be Dream's right-hand man. Inferno was a well-known hero, he like Dream, also didn't hide his identity much. Sapnap Urso, an arsonist who took being a hero a bit too literally. He wasn't as corrupt as the others but he also didn't do anything to stop the power-hungry scum that controlled everything.

“You!”

And it seems he is very, **very** angry at Technoblade for some reason. The pinkette took a step back, the hero took a step toward him. He'd have to run now if he wanted a chance of escaping with as few burns as possible, so that's what he did.

He pivoted quickly before taking off the way he came, footsteps soon sounding behind him. He could probably lose the hero in the labyrinth of alleys around the city, Sapnap usually wasn't the most focused hero. Flames licked at his heels, the ravenette was gaining ground then, that or he was trying to slow Techno down.

“Blood God! You fucker!”

Yeesh, what did he do to warrant this obvious hatred?

“I'll fucking kill you, you murderer!”

Oh, this was about the kid he was currently carrying. He thinks he remembers seeing the guy at that little announcement thing Dream had, he was on stage with the smiling hero. But that still left the question of; why was he so angry at Techno? Was he playing it up for the public? But they were currently alone as they ran through the maze of back alleys. Did Dream not tell his right hand his master plan?

The pinkette was running out of alleys to turn into, the hero was still on his tail as well.

“Circle around.”

Technoblade spared a glance at the kid as they spoke, they didn't sound like they were panicking that much now. Honestly, he expected them to panic even more in this situation, but he'd take what he can get.

“Then he'd burn us alive kid.”

“No, Sapnap can't change direction quickly. If you can get behind him you'll gain more ground. If you create obstacles then you'll have an even higher chance of escaping.”

“And how do you know this plan of yours will work?”

The teen was quiet for a moment before answering.

“That's what Dream does, during his manhunts. Sapnap has never caught Dream, they've played this over a hundred times. This is just like a manhunt, so your best option is to do what Dream would.”

The pinkette had to admit the kid had a point, if Dream was still doing his stupid manhunts and Sapnap was a part of them then the same strategies should work. Chat seemed to be ecstatic that Ranboo had this knowledge, praising the kid for his quick thinking.

SMARTBOO

What else does the chick know about the heroes??

Listen to the baby bird!!

How many times do you think Ranboo had to participate in the manhunts to gain this information??

He tried not to linger on that last question, focusing instead on where his feet landed next. He'd need to plan this correctly or else he'd risk getting not just himself but both of them fried to a crisp. The alley he was currently running down would end up becoming a dead end, which would work perfectly for what he had planned.

He moved his hand from holding the kid's legs in place to instead flick his thumb over the spike in his ring. Blood bubbled up and Techno wasted no time pulling the red liquid out of himself. The blood solidified into a pole, said pole was soon digging into the ground as a brick wall grew closer and closer to them.

Technoblade pushed himself up, the pole giving him the needed height to reach high up on the wall. His boots clashed against the bricks, pebbles falling at the impact. Right as he pushed off he spotted the flabbergasted expression of the hero as he tried to stop his forward momentum. He couldn't help but smirk as he practically flew over the ravenette, cloak billowing behind him. He could feel Ranboo grab onto the red fabric, holding on tight as he landed.

Just as the teen had said Sapnap was struggling to turn around while still trying to keep his momentum. Techno didn't waste time watching the hero fumble, no he took off again as soon as his boots touched the pavement. The pole dissolved in his hand, the blood flinging back and knocking over trash cans and boxes behind him.

Just as he was about to turn into another alleyway a blast of fire shot at him. He wouldn't be able to dodge it at this rate, not without stopping and he couldn't do that. He'd have to suck it up and deal with a charred shoulder, not the worse injury he's gotten, he'd live.

But right before the flames could slam into him a burst of feathers was blocking most of the hit. Fire still licked at his shoulder, burning at his skin, but most of it was deflected. Ranboo hissed beside his ear and the wing was drawn back, a few feathers fell at the movement.

He'd have to thank the kid for that later, but for now he would focus on running.

Getting away from Sapnap was a lot easier when Techno followed the kid's advice. Soon enough the ravenette was so far behind he was barely a threat, and then the pinkette was able to lose the hero completely. Now the only issue was; where do they go now?

He could go back to Puffy's, they let the two in without any questions. But Puffy may get on his case about involving a minor in his villainous escapades, which was not his fault whatsoever since technically the kid was the reason they were even in this mess.

Speaking of the kid, they've been awfully quiet. He glanced to his side, the teen had their arms crossed and resting against Techno's back. Ranboo's head was angled to look forward, or well backward for Technoblade, and they seemed pretty okay which was good right?

They're hurt!!

Take care of the baby bird!!

He saved you

HURTBOO

Chat hadn't stopped reminding him that the kid was in fact hurt and that he would need to thank them for the partial save. Techno still got burnt but not as bad as he would have been if Ranboo didn't intervene.

His best bet was to go back to Puffy's, there they could relax for a bit before having to leave again. Neither Schlatt nor Puffy would sell them out to any passing heroes, they've hidden him plenty of times. Plus the two liked the kid so they'd be willing to risk themselves for Ranboo easily.

With his mind made up he turned down one road, heading towards the small cat cafe.



Technoblade wasn't stupid enough to come bursting in through the front doors, he had some common sense. No, instead he burst in through the back doors; like a professional. He may have found it funny to watch Schlatt get startled enough to drop his glass and make an almost goat bleating sound, the brunette however did not find it very funny.

Still, Schlatt followed after the two, firing question after question at him. Techno was tempted to tell him to shut up and go away, but Ranboo was actively answering the other's questions; it would be rude to interrupt after all. Though he did shut the door on Schlatt once back in the guest room, depositing Ranboo on the bed. The teen whined a bit at the movement but didn't complain, he was growing a tad concerned over the lack of complaints the kid made.

The pinkette grabbed his bag, rummaging around for some of the medical supplies he knew he packed. Once his hand found a container of burn cream and a few rolls of gauze, he pulled them out. Glancing over he spotted the kid still in the same position as before, sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed and fiddling with a few feathers on their wing.

Overall the appendage didn't look horrible, but then again it was hard to tell what parts were burnt versus what parts were just naturally black. He huffed as he stood, having crouched to search his bags. Techno removed his mask, laying it carefully on one of the end tables. He was getting used to having it off around the teen, something he didn't think would have happened so quickly.

“Move over, let me look over your wing.”

“Oh it's fine you don't-”

“Kid you got hit by a literal fireball, there is no way you're fine.”

Ranboo reluctantly scooted over, spreading their wing so Techno could get a good look at it. While difficult to spot he could eventually find charred feathers in the plumage of the wing. Now how did he deal with them? Did he pull out the burnt ones? Leave them alone? Wrap them? He hasn't had to deal with wing injuries before, he was completely clueless.

“I... I can fix them if you want... You don't need to...”

The kid was back to stuttering, their mask clutched between their hands as his eyes darted from the floor to Techno repeatedly. This would be a lot easier if the kid could heal himself.

“Do you know how to treat burns?”

He didn't expect the younger to have such knowledge, but honestly, he should start suspecting that Ranboo's dealt with his fair share of injuries and to stop questioning the kid's knowledge. Ranboo nodded meekly, eyes avoiding Technoblade.

The pinkette nodded, placing the medical supplies down on the bed.

“Okay then, you deal with your injuries and I deal with mine.”

“You're hurt?”

Techno glanced over to spot Ranboo staring directly at him, the kid was even leaning closer. The pinkette tried to ignore them as he hummed in reply, slowly removing his shirt to deal with his own burns.

“I- I can heal you... If you want.”

Ah right, the kid could do that. Techno thought about his options, he could deal with his burns like he usually did or he could take the easy route and have the kid heal him.

“Yeah, go ahead.”

The teen wasted no time scooting closer, hands hovering close to his shoulder. He watched as their hands became engulfed in that warm golden glow, his shoulder tingling as it too started glowing. After a few seconds, Techno glanced at the kid, spotting the furrowed brow and clenched jaw.

That's when Chat erupted.

NO STOP

HURTING HIM

TECHNO STOP THEM!!!!

MAKE THEM STOP!!

The pinkette flinched back, the voices loud enough to cause his ears to ring. His vision flickered red as Chat tried to take control of him, forcing him to move away from Ranboo. Once the injury was no longer under the kid's hands the glow dissipated. Ranboo looked at him confused, like they weren't sure what they did wrong.

Chat was still yelling at him for letting the kid get hurt, this time by his own fault. He got a few context clues from Chat as they demanded for him to not let Ranboo heal him.

“Ranboo.” The kid flinched at his voice, sitting up straighter. “When you heal someone... does it hurt you?”

The teen seemed to freeze up, eyes flicking away and trying to actively find something else to focus on. Their reaction to the question was enough of an answer.

“From now on then I don't want you healing anyone unless it's life-threatening, okay?”

“Wha-? Wait why? I'll be fine, it doesn't hurt! I can be useful!”

“Kid, look...”

“No!”

Technoblade blinked, he hadn't expected the kid to yell. Ranboo had their eyes clenched shut, fists balled on his lap. The pinkette was about to say something else but before he could the kid was standing and rushing out the door. He sat there, stunned, for a second before he stirred himself into action. He went to quickly follow after the kid, make sure they didn't run off, but he was stopped at the doorway.

There, in front of the door, stood one angry-looking Puffy.

>:)

Regretful Burnout

Chapter Summary

Come get y'all's early dinner!!

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Blood

Wounds/Injuries

Violence

Mentions of Death/Murder

Burns

Mentions of Past Abuse

Self Gaslighting

Self Guilt Tripping

Cursing

Manipulation

Aftermath of Conditioning

Panic Attacks

Self Demeaning Comments

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo has a newfound hatred for festivals, if all of them were as bad as this one then he refuses to go to any more. Schlatt said it would be fun, not the terrifying experience the teen has experienced this far.

The thought of his accidental murder, manslaughter? Who even thought about making that the term for accidentally killing someone, it sounds ten times worse than murder. Either way, any thought of the manslaughter he committed less than an hour ago was ripped from his mind as Techno grabbed them.

The air was knocked out of their lungs as they were hefted onto his shoulder, head spinning with the shift in gravity. And then he was running, to where? Ranboo had no idea but hopefully not towards the sounds of explosions.

Things just seemed to get worse.

Apparently, there was a hero on the scene. One Ranboo wasn't too thrilled to see, Inferno. Did Dream know they were here? Did he send Sapnap to finish them off? Did Sapnap know he was even alive and right in front of him?

“You!”

His voice was coated in venom, a literal fire burning in his eyes as he glared at the two. Most of his attention seemed to be on Technoblade though like he hadn't even noticed Ranboo held against the villain's shoulder. The pinkette barely paused before sprinting in the opposite direction, a very angry ravenette on his heels.

“Blood God! You fucker!” Sapnap practically roared, flames flying past them. Ranboo could feel the sweltering heat as it licked at their clothes. **“I'll fucking kill you, you murderer!”**

Knowing Dream and Sapnap's statement they'd assume he didn't know they were alive, he assumed they had died like Dream said. Now, this could be the moment they say something to Sapnap, prove they were indeed alive.

But did he want to?

Sure Sapnap was nice but his kindness wasn't helpful to Ranboo. Technoblade on the other hand had been very helpful. The pinkette had kept him safe, gave them actual food, introduced them to the Schlatt siblings, and has comforted them when everything was too much. Sapnap didn't know what Ranboo's been through, and honestly they didn't doubt he wouldn't take Dream's side anyway and say Ranboo was lying.

So they kept their mouth shut, he wouldn't be leaving Techno's side unless told to or left behind. But first, they needed to get away from Sapnap.

Ranboo took all the emotions swirling inside them like a storm and shoved them down, focusing on what was currently happening. He'd freak out later, when they could afford that luxury.

“Circle around.”

They weren't sure if the villain would even listen to them but he had to try. Sure Techno probably had more experience fighting the heroes but Ranboo had seen how Sapnap fought, they know the best ways to get away from him. They've seen Dream outrun the pyromaniac countless times, and not once did Sapnap catch him. Out of hundreds of Manhunts, every one had Dream leaving victorious.

“Then he'd burn us alive kid.”

“No, Sapnap can't change direction quickly. If you can get behind him you'll gain more ground. If you create obstacles then you'll have an even higher chance of escaping.”

“And how do you know this plan of yours will work?”

They didn't.

He could only suggest what they knew worked and hoped it would be the right call.

“That's what Dream does, during his manhunts. Sapnap has never caught Dream, they've played this over a hundred times. This is just like a manhunt, so your best option is to do what Dream would.”

The pinkette didn't respond and Ranboo assumed he deemed the teen's suggestion as useless, and they didn't blame him. Honestly, Techno had more experience in this stuff and Ranboo hasn't been outside the hero headquarters in almost a year. It would be no surprise if Technoblade didn't believe Ranboo or their advice.

But then Techno managed to get himself behind Sapnap, confusing the ravenette as he tried to quickly turn and continue his pursuit. The villain was off the second they landed, sprinting away once again. Everything seemed to be going well, it looked like they'd be getting away without any burns.

But of course they jinxed themselves.

Inferno managed to shoot off one well-aimed blast of flames, one heading directly for them. No matter how fast Techno was there was no way to dodge that. Ranboo couldn't let the villain get hurt, it was practically their job to make sure that didn't happen.

So with little thought, they spread their wings, incasing the hero with their feathers as the fire burnt the plumage. He's felt the aftermath of the damage Sapnap's flames caused but never the outright heat of it as it burned at his skin. The fire didn't last long, it never did unless the hero was actively fueling it, but they could still feel the heat against their wing.

They pulled their wing back with a hiss, the burnt sections pulling taut and causing more discomfort. Escaping Sapnap after that was a lot easier, Techno was able to lose him in the labyrinth of alleyways.

The rest of the escape had Ranboo trapped in their own thoughts. Was he a villain now? They killed someone, and now they actively helped a notorious villain escape a hero.

Were they the bad guy?



The rest of the journey back to the cat cafe was silent, Ranboo was too lost in their own thoughts to even ramble nervously. He was too busy having a morality crisis at the moment, one that was not leaning in the correct direction.

With Dream, they were told the heroes were the good guys, the ones who protected everyone, no matter what. They ignored the things that said differently because why would Dream lie to them? There was no point. He shouldn't be doubting his brother's words now, he shouldn't doubt them ever. Yet they were.

The heroes Ranboo had met had been nice, not that he's met many. It was hard to see them as anything but as heroes, the public's defenders. But a lot of their thoughts were shifting, changing to doubts and confusion.

The second Technoblade uprooted their life everything was different, things no longer made sense to the teen. What he thought he knew was apparently wrong and the things they thought wrong were right, and it was... concerning, to say the least. Techno's spent more time with Ranboo than Dream has, excluding when the hero punished them for their stupid mistakes of course. The pinkette has also been the exact opposite of what Ranboo was taught villains should be. He wasn't evil, he didn't kick babies, (at least they don't think so) and he's been keeping them safe this whole time. Even now when he could have ditched Ranboo and escaped himself he still made sure to grab them before running.

It was confusing.

Everything was confusing.

Soon enough the cafe's building came into view, a truly welcome sight. But Technoblade didn't enter through the front door like before, no instead he moved to the side and then to the back of the building. He kicked in the door, startling not just themselves but Schlatt as well. The man let out a scream, dropping whatever drink he had been holding.

The pinkette didn't say anything and instead moved to walk towards the guest room, the brunette was quick to follow. He was asking questions, mostly about the festival and how it went, though he did question why Ranboo was currently draped over the villain's shoulder. Honestly, they weren't a hundred percent sure why Techno hasn't let them down yet; he could have dropped them once it was obvious Sapnap wasn't following anymore but he hadn't.

They did make sure to inform Schlatt that they had a run-in with a hero, one that could have ended better. The brunette seemed concerned but before he could ask more about it they had arrived at the guest room. Ranboo was spun around as Techno faced the door, shutting it in Schlatt's face, the man in turn made an indignant huff before footsteps could be heard.

Ranboo was then deposited on the bed, just dropped onto the bouncy mattress. They whined unintentionally when the sudden unexpected movement pulled at the newly attained burns. They made sure to not make any more noises of discomfort or complaint, he had been getting a bit too relaxed with the villain that he had been slipping up a bit too much.

Glancing over he could spot Techno digging through the bags, obviously looking for something. At first, he wasn't sure what the other was looking for until they spotted the medical supplies in his arms. The villain made his way over to them, and it confused Ranboo. Techno knew he could heal so if he was injured then why not just ask the teen to fix it for him instead of wasting supplies?

Their answer was given to them not even a second after they asked their silent question.

“Move over, let me look over your wing.”

That shocked him a bit, was the gauze and cream for them? Why? They would be fine, this wasn't even that bad honestly. If he didn't stretch his wings too far or move them too quickly then they barely hurt, there was no reason Technoblade should be concerned about him.

“Oh it's fine you don't-”

“Kid you got hit by a literal fireball, there is no way you're fine.”

Well, he had a point. They weren't going to say they were fine because obviously he wasn't but they could handle it, Techno didn't need to be troubled by such a minor injury. Still, they scooted over, not wanting to test the villain's patience and possibly gain new wounds. Not that Techno has hurt them at all, well expect the thing with Chat but that was their fault and Chat had quickly tried to fix it. They hadn't blamed Chat at all, it was Ranboo's fault. If they had just not tried to interrupt the other then they probably wouldn't have been injured in the first place.

After a second of nothing happening, they glanced over at the pinkette, noticing how his eyes flicked over their wings like they were foreign objects; which to him they probably were. While wings weren't super rare they were uncommon and not many people understood how to care for them; hell not even Ranboo knew how to properly care for his own wings. They probably knew once but the information was lost to time along with other precious memories they wouldn't be getting back.

Still, he knew more than the villain.

“I... I can fix them if you want... You don't need to...”

They gripped the leather mask in their hands, worried if they should have even offered. Were they implying that Techno didn't know what he was doing? Did they accidentally just call the man stupid to his face? Crap, they probably messed up big time.

“Do you know how to treat burns?”

They nodded meekly, terrified that the villain was mad at them for speaking out of turn. He hadn't seemed to care most of the time but things could change. Dream's mood could switch as quickly as a light switch, they never knew what would set their brother off half the time.

“Okay then, you deal with your injuries and I deal with mine.”

“You're hurt?”

His head snapped up, looking directly at the villain. If he was hurt then Ranboo could prove their worth! They could prove to Techno that he was useful enough to keep around. Sure the villain said that he wasn't going to just abandon them without making sure someone else was watching them but again, things change.

With this Ranboo could remind the pinkette that they were an asset instead of a burden. They could pay back his kindness in the only way they knew how; by healing whatever injuries this man received.

“I- I can heal you... If you want.”

It took a second for the villain to answer, obviously thinking over his options. Ranboo silently begged for him to accept, to give them a reason to help the other.

“Yeah, go ahead.”

He could practically sigh in relief, they were still useful. Ranboo didn't hesitate, they needed to do this before Techno changed his mind or got tired of waiting. Their hands hovered over the blistering shoulder, this was going to hurt but it's nothing he hasn't dealt with before. Honestly, this was tame compared to some of the burns Dream had received during his manhunts with the pyro-maniac.

A golden glow covered both his hands and the villain's shoulder, a slight tingle starting up in their own shoulder. That tingle became an itch, then a sting, and eventually a burning sensation that had them clenching their jaw shut as they focused on their healing and not the stolen pain.

He had almost been done when suddenly Technoblade recoiled away, breaking the connection and forcing the winged teen's ability to stop. Their shoulder still stung but they were positive he hadn't finished healing the other.

Did he do something wrong? Was it taking too long for the pinkette? Did they accidentally hurt him somehow? Why did he move away so quickly, like he was trying to get away as fast as possible.

“Ranboo.” They couldn't help but straighten at the man's voice, already anticipating the oncoming punishment or scolding; maybe even both. “When you heal someone... does it hurt you?”

He froze. How were they supposed to answer that? While yes it did hurt, they were taking the injury away and just transferring the pain onto themselves so of course it would hurt. But would Techno want to truly know that? Dream never cared, if anything he found it funny. The elder blonde had always mentioned how scuffed their ability was, how they had to hurt themselves in order to heal another. The perfect ability for a screw-up like themselves.

“From now on then I don't want you healing anyone unless it's life-threatening, okay?”

Their wings attempted to extend, skin pulling tight as the movement irritated the wound. He couldn't be serious right? So what if it hurt, that was fine. Ranboo could be hurt, they'd much rather be the one dealing with pain than Techno. The villain has been so nice to them that this was the least they could do to pay back even a fraction of that kindness.

“Wha-? Wait why? I'll be fine, it doesn't hurt! I can be useful!”

“Kid, look...”

If they weren't useful then what good were they? If he couldn't help in some way, what was the point of keeping them around? They were a burden on the villain, and being able to heal

him was one of the only ways they could even think of that would help make them less of a bother.

“No!”

They nearly screamed, anxiety eating away at them. He was going to be thrown away, abandoned by the one person who didn't see them as a screw-up or waste of space. They screwed up the one good thing they managed to get their greedy little hands on, corrupted their own happiness, for what?! He knew it would happen eventually, Ranboo wasn't allowed to have nice things, they always ended up destroyed in front of their own eyes.

But this time it wasn't Dream destroying it, it was them.

They couldn't stay here, he couldn't listen as Techno tried to explain why he'd be getting rid of them. They wouldn't be able to handle it. The teen would much rather have him just disappear than actually tell them that he was leaving. It would make things so much easier.

He stood and ran.

Ran like the coward they were and would always be.

They had to dodge Puffy in the hall, rushing past her even as she called out to him. They couldn't stop, if he stopped now they would fully break down.

So they continued to run.



They didn't know where they were running, all he knew was that their feet slammed onto the ground and the roaring in their ears. They knew they messed up, screwed up whatever kindness that had been shown to them. Thrown away like it was nothing more than trash, how could he do such a thing?

His thoughts stuttered to a halt, or well more like they were thrust to the side as his body collided with someone else's. Ranboo fell back, landing squarely on his ass as their wings spread in an attempt to halt their fall. The action caused them to hiss before a string of apologies left their mouth, he was practically a stuttering mess, he hoped whoever he ran into could even understand his words.

“Hey, hey it's okay. I'm sorry I didn't see you there, no need to apologize.”

A hand entered their vision and Ranboo backpedaled, immediately assuming the hand presented to them was going to just end up hitting him or worse. But just as suddenly as it appeared the hand left, being replaced with someone crouching in front of them. He didn't dare raise his head but they did glance through their bangs at who was in front of him.

A young woman with pale pink hair, blonde roots showing her natural color, was smiling kindly at him. She didn't look scary, her eyes were a stormy blue, and looked at them with both concern and warmth. Honestly, they weren't sure why this person wasn't scolding them or yelling at him, technically they were the one at fault for literally running into her.

The woman's smile softened a bit once she noticed she had their attention, Ranboo glanced away just as quickly.

“Sorry... I-I didn't mean to... run into you...”

He was both embarrassed and ashamed, wings tucking closely behind him as if trying to make themselves smaller and unnoticeable. The nice lady didn't get angry though, instead, she moved. At first, Ranboo assumed she'd just leave, or maybe stand to kick him? But she didn't stand up, she instead sat on the ground.

“Nah I should have been watching where I was going. It was an accident, as long as neither of us is hurt then things are okay.” She paused for a second, seeming to realize something. “You're not hurt, right? That was a bit of a nasty fall.”

The two-toned teen shook their head, wanting to assure the nice lady that he was perfectly fine. The pinkette smiled warmly again at him, hands behind her as she leisurely leaned back onto them.

“Well, that's good. Oh! I'm Niki by the way, I should have introduced myself sooner.”

The lady, Miss Niki, held some aura of calmness around her. Ranboo wanted to introduce himself, and talk more with her, but were they allowed to? Technoblade hadn't said anything about talking to others outside himself and the Schlatt siblings. Speaking of Technoblade... All their panicking thoughts returned again, leaving them even more anxious now.

Miss Niki seemed to pick up on their sudden mood switch, shifting to sit up more. She tilted her head before smiling brightly, pushing herself up. The teen's eyes followed her movements, watching for any sign of aggression, but none came.

“I work at this really delightful cafe, everyone there is super nice. Let me buy you a drink or something, it's the least I can do since I kind of knocked you over.”

Again a hand was offered, this one didn't instill as much fear into them though. Now if you asked him why he took her hand then they wouldn't be able to tell you. Maybe it was because Miss Niki seemed genuinely nice? Maybe it was because she has only shown kindness to someone like them since meeting her? Maybe Ranboo felt obligated to go with her as some form of apology on his own behalf?

Whichever reason it was they found themselves taking her hand, letting Miss Niki pull him up to their feet. He still shrunk their form down, maybe more than usual since Miss Niki was rather tiny when compared to the giant that is Ranboo Belvoi.

The strangest thing though was that Miss Niki still held onto his hand even after they were standing. It wasn't like how Dream would hold onto his shoulder or wrist, a pressure that

promised pain if they struggled. No, this one was warm and somewhat comforting, it was loose enough that if Ranboo truly wanted he could break free. But did they want to?

The winged teen merely let Miss Niki lead him along, she spoke of the cafe and its employees. She also worked there, so she knew without a doubt how nice said people were. It was only once she started speaking about the cats did Ranboo put two and two together, she was talking about the same cafe he ran from.

The one where Technoblade was.

He wasn't sure if they wanted to go back just yet. While yes theoretically the sooner they returned and groveled the lesser the punishment would be, but this could also be the opposite. If the villain was angry then that anger could be taken out on him, so waiting to come back after Techno had calmed down would be smarter. But again it could also be the incorrect answer. With Dream, it was best to apologize immediately and beg for forgiveness, waiting meant he had more time to think about what punishments Ranboo deserved. Instead of the simple physical injuries they'd get if he just accepted the consequences, waiting meant more thought-out repercussions that we're always so much worse... Like the pool.

They were brought out of their head at the jingle of the bell above the cafe's front door. Schlatt had been standing behind the counter, Jambo perched on his shoulders, and both looked at them as they entered the building. The brunette raised an eyebrow but didn't outright ask why Ranboo was following Miss Niki, or why he looked ready to run at any moment.

"Hey Schlatt, is Puffy home?"

"Uh..." He glanced at the teen, a bit lost for words. Ranboo didn't know why he looked to them for answers, they barely knew the siblings let alone if either was home. Sure he passed Miss Puffy in the hall but that was a while ago, for all they knew she could have left shortly after them.

"Yeah, she's in the back but uh... Maybe don't go back there just yet, she's kind of tearing Tech a new one."

"Techno's here?"

Ranboo shrunk into himself, finding the floor to be rather interesting. It was even better when a black cat came over to wind itself around their legs, if he recalls correctly Schlatt said this one was named Ender.

"Yeah, uh he and the kid showed up the other day."

"Kid?"

Schlatt didn't say anything so they would assume he gestured to them. They hunched their shoulders as if that would hide them, his wings on the other hand were held still against his back even though they wanted to wrap around him in a protective barrier. They learned long ago that trying to protect themselves from possible punishments ended with even worse

punishments. So he's learned to keep their wings still against their back, like they were nothing more than a feather cloak.

“Hey kiddo.” They glanced up to spot Schlatt, a lot closer than he was before. He looked out of place, like he wasn't sure what he was doing let alone if he was doing it correctly.

“How about you take a seat over there,” He pointed to the area where most of the cats were, “the furballs are pretty feisty today and could use some extra attention.”

They nodded numbly. They didn't move immediately, mostly because Miss Niki was still holding onto their hand and he wasn't sure if he'd be allowed to let go even if Schlatt told him to go somewhere. Somehow Miss Niki must have noticed their dilemma, the pinkette released his hand easily before smiling warmly at him again.

The teen slowly inched away from the two and instead towards the cats, careful not to trip over Ender as she still circled his feet.

He ignored the hushed conversation the two adults were having, clearly they didn't want him to hear it since both of them would glance over occasionally as if worried he heard whatever they said. Ranboo instead focused on the feeling of their hand running down the back of one of the cats, fur soft under their touch. He wasn't sure which one this was, most of the names Schlatt had said were lost to the recesses of his mind. They felt bad about that, but it was still a surprise he even remembered the sibling's names, usually by now they would have forgotten. But then again Ranboo didn't get to decide what was forgotten versus what was kept in his memory, so for all they knew they could wake up tomorrow and not even remember who they were. Unlikely but always a possibility.

All their thoughts were brought to a sudden halt as a door swung open, banging into the wall. They jumped, wings trying to flare open but only managing to spread a bit before they were pulled back. His head snapped to the side where the noise came from. Their heart stopped along with his breathing, and all the blood in their body ran cold.

Stood in the doorway was Technoblade, specifically Technoblade with blood-red eyes and staring directly at him.

Chapter End Notes

Not super proud of this chapter, but it's done so that's good!

Wonder if Tech's actually mad and what he'll say to Boo.

What could Puffy have said to him while Ranboo was gone??~

Under my Wing

Chapter Summary

Have some soft,
As a treat,
Before I hurt you more...

:)

Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Wounds/Injuries

Mentions of Death/Murder

Burns

Aftermath of Conditioning

Panic Attacks

Mentions of Past Manipulation

Mentions of Past Abuse

Mentions of Violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There, in front of the door, stood one angry-looking Puffy.

The smaller woman looked ready to fight him, and honestly, she probably would win. Puffy wasn't an ex-hero for nothing after all, he's seen her back in her glory days, hell he looked up to her. There was no doubt in his mind that she could take him down if she truly wished to.

“Mind explaining why I just saw Ranboo running down the hall?”

“Uh...” Techno couldn't really give a decent answer, what was he supposed to say? ‘The voices in my head threw a fit because the kid was hurting themselves while healing him’? Yeah, that wouldn't go over well.

“While you're at it, explain to me why your shoulder looks like you have a nasty case of sunburn.”

Glancing over revealed that yes his burn looked no worse than a case of sun poisoning when it had earlier looked much worse. So either his quicker-than-normal healing was a lot faster or the kid had healed more than he originally thought.

“There was a bit of a misunderstanding.” Puffy merely crossed her arms with a raised eyebrow, daring him to say something wrong and incur her wrath. “The kid misunderstood what I was saying, didn't get a chance to explain before he ran out.”

“And the shoulder?”

“A run-in with a hero-”

“What?!”

He winced internally, he had hoped to not make a big deal out of that bit. Sure it wasn't abnormal for him to cause trouble and have heroes chasing him but now with the kid?

Puffy always had a soft spot for kids, she was one of the best heroes out there because of how well she got along with the public. Captain Puffy was a household name, children would beg their parents for any of her merch. He knows for a fact many cried when she announced her retirement.

It was clear Puffy liked Ranboo, she was treating him just like any other child placed under her care. The kid seemed to like Puffy too which was expected, you can't just not like Puffy, it's not physically possible. So of course the white-haired woman would be protective over the kid he brought here.

“It's fine, it was just Inferno.”

“It doesn't matter who it was! You said they were being hunted by heroes!”

He understood her anger, she was scared. Scared for a kid she's only known a day or so, scared for him, scared for anyone she cared about getting hurt. He may have understood from an outsider's perspective but he didn't truly understand how she felt.

“Look...” Puffy pinched her brow, eyes closing in frustration. “I get that you have your secrets, we all do, but I think this is one you need to share with me if you want me to continue helping you.”

“Puffy-”

“No Hunt, this is the life of a child we're talking about. I need to know what I'm dealing with if you want my help.”

OOOOH OLD NICKNAME!!!

Captain used nostalgia,

It's super effective!!!

Lmao can't believe we called ourselves 'HogHunt'

CRINGEEE

The villain sighed, she had a point, it didn't mean he had to like it though. Still, Technoblade found himself agreeing with her. She deserved at least some information in return for her housing them for last night.

“Fine. Kid’s being hunted down by Dream, for some reason.” There was no reason he had to tell her the whole truth, not that he didn't trust Puffy but he didn't want her to be endangered because of that information. “Which means the rest of the agency is looking for them as well, so I'm relocating them until things calm down.”

The woman looked at him, staring intently as if she would be able to see through him. Once she deemed him to not be lying she dropped the subject, just giving a simple nod.

“Okay, what about the misunderstanding? I know you aren't great with kids so what did you say or do to make them respond like that?”

He looked away, he couldn't help but feel like a child getting reprimanded under her gaze. Still, he knew he had to answer her if he wanted to get past her.

“Kid’s ability, it has a bad kickback. I only noticed earlier and was trying to get them to stop before they really hurt themselves but he took it wrong. I don't know what he was thinking but clearly, it wasn't what I was intending.”

“What was it? The kid’s ability I mean.”

“Can't tell ya that Puffy, classified and all that junk.”

Puffy seemed to understand even though it was clear she wanted to know more; she didn't push any further.

“You should go clear that up then.” She moved aside to let him past, though he was stopped by a hand on his arm. “Just promise me Tech, you're going to protect them. Promise me that you'll keep Ranboo safe.”

He hated making promises.

“I don't make promises Puffy, you know that.”

“I do, but I want you to promise me this.”

The villain sighed, he wasn't one for protecting or helping, those days were over. However, he had already promised the kid he'd protect them so he might as well promise Puffy the same.

“Fine. I promise to protect him.”

The small woman smiled at him before releasing his arm. “Well you better go find your kid, they were heading towards the cafe.”

GUYS GUYS RED ALERT!!!1!!

SHE SAID OUR KID!!

OUR BABY CHICK!

WE WANT OUR BABY BIRD!!

Next thing he knew he was seeing red.



Chat was many things, quite literally seeing as they were a mass of disembodied voices living rent-free in Technoblade’s brain, but one thing they weren't was calm. Chat tended to overreact, usually over nothing, and even if it was actually over something it was never anything big. But after Ranboo came along it was almost like the kid flipped a switch and had Chat going crazy. They didn't know why, all they knew was that Ranboo was important to them and was theirs, he was their baby bird and nothing would change that.

They may have gotten distracted berating Techno for allowing their charge to get hurt, then to proceed and hurt him even more, and finally having chased them away. But now they were reminded of their child and wanted... No, ***needed*** to see them immediately. So they forced Techno out of the driver's seat, pushing him to the back of the mind while Chat took control. The pinkette grumbled but put up almost no fight at all, clearly he knew Chat would fight tooth and nail to remain in control right now. This was true, they weren't going to give up the control yet, not until they made sure their baby bird was safe.

Their chick was in constant danger after all, just knowing the smiling homeless teletubby was after them had their blood boiling. Dream, while loved by the public, was absolutely despised by Chat. They had first-hand experience dealing with that pretentious asshole, and to know that their chick was most likely abused by that walking excuse of oxygen was beyond upsetting. And now Ranboo wasn't in their sight, they weren't even in the same room as them. It set their nerves alight, anxiety clawing at them to fix this issue.

So Chat didn't think much, instead pushing past Puffy. They'd have Techno apologize to her later, first they needed to make sure their child wasn't in mortal danger. They sped-walked down the hallway, footsteps loud as they approached the door connecting the living area to the cafe. They may have slammed the door open, but when you have millions of voices screaming in your ears you tend to do things rather aggressively.

It wasn't hard to spot their baby bird, seated with cats surrounding them. It helped ease Chat's mind to see the teen relatively unharmed, though he was looking at them fearfully. That wasn't right, Ranboo should not be afraid, something must have happened. They barely paid the other occupants of the room any mind, instead, they headed straight towards their chick. Ranboo flinched back but didn't run, if anything it looked like they forced himself to remain still and not try to get away. That didn't help calm Chat's rage, oh how they wished to hunt down the hunter and paint the sky red in his blood, or green they weren't sure if Dream even had a heart let alone blood.

Chat paused in front of Ranboo, staring down at them as he stared back. Chat's mind was shouting out what to do, a lot were demanding they hug the baby bird and bring him back to the safety of their room. So with the majority voting for that option Chat was quick to scoop their child up, the teen nearly screeching before settling down. He was tense like they were afraid of moving and angering Chat. They knew their chick had issues, everyone had issues, but Ranboo's seemed a lot more concerning than anyone else's to Chat.

They took a second just holding their chick before turning and heading back towards the door, taking Ranboo with them. They got to the door but paused when a voice stopped them.

"Wait Techno! What's going on? You can't just grab someone-" Niki said in a worried tone, though she had nothing to worry about. Chat had their chick and we're simply taking them back to the room, nothing was wrong with that. "Techno are you even listening? Put Ranboo down-"

"No." They nearly growled, how dare Niki try and tell them what to do with their chick. She didn't know him, Ranboo was their child and it was their responsibility to take care of them, not hers. ***"Don't try to stop us, Niki."***

Chat didn't wait for a reply, instead pushing through the door and heading back to the guest room. They spotted Puffy, the woman tried to open her mouth and say something but Chat ignored her. They liked Puffy but right now they were solely focused on keeping their baby bird safe, and to do that they needed a safe area that could be easily defended. The guest room was the best option, all their stuff was there, there was only one entrance/exit, and the door could easily be barricaded. Plus Ranboo was used to that room, so hopefully, the familiarity would help them calm down somewhat.

They tried to ignore the trembling from the teen, hating the fact that he was even scared in the first place. Looking back they probably could have handled this with a lot more grace but seeing as they were a conglomerate of voices and lacked tack, it was obvious they didn't usually think before acting. But currently, this thought didn't occur to them, their attention was too focused on the teen in their hold instead of their own actions.

Chat pushed the door to the guest room open with their shoulder, the one not currently having a shaking teen over it, and entered the room. They kicked the door shut behind them, not waiting to hear it click shut. They moved towards the bed before depositing their baby bird onto the mattress. Their hands immediately went to cup their kid's face and examine it for any injuries. They knew his one wing was still wounded but they wanted to make sure Ranboo didn't receive any other injuries while out of their sight.

Ranboo's dual-colored eyes avoided looking at them, darting everywhere except their face. Chat couldn't help but feel that was an issue, sure they never were one for eye contact but this was excessive even for their chick.

“Ranboo.” Chat said as softly as they could, though the teen still flinched in their hold. ***“We need to talk, chick.”***

The teen attempted to shrink down, though it didn't really work seeing as they were tall even while sitting down. Ranboo ducked his head as they fiddled with their hands, staying stubbornly silent.

“We aren't angry, we are worried.” Chat reassured, hands moving to grip his shoulders gently. ***“We don't know what Technoblade said to upset you, but we are sorry that he scared you.”***

The teen's head snapped up before he was shaking it furiously, “No, no... Techno didn't do anything wrong, I did. I made him upset and I-”

“Baby bird, you didn't upset our host.” Chat wasn't going to let Ranboo believe he did something wrong when their host was the one in the wrong here. ***“Why do you think that?”***

The teen shrugged while looking down, gaze focused on the carpet below.

“I... I thought he wanted me to heal him.” He started, hands gripping onto each other with a vice grip. “But then he got mad, and I... I thought I wasn't doing good enough or that he thought I wasn't useful enough or...”

Ranboo sniffled, shoulders bobbing up and down with contained sobs. Oh. Oh no. Their chick thought they got upset with him for such reasons, that they saw him as Dream did. Another reason for the hero's fall was added to the list, the very long growing list of sins.

They couldn't let their kid silently cry in front of them, that would be unacceptable. So with little thought, Chat moved their arms from his shoulders to instead wrap around them. The voices pulled their child close and held on tightly, hand carding through their tri-colored hair.

Ranboo's breath hitched when they were pulled close, almost like they were waiting for Chat to hurt them in some way. But once it was obvious they had no such desire the teen cracked and practically curled themselves into them. Hands gripped onto their cloak, head burying itself against their neck while Chat shushed them. Chat wasn't the most emotional entity, they mostly only experienced blood lust or anger, but they didn't mind these emotions. The warmth these feelings gave were nice, they wanted to experience more of these emotions, and maybe now with Ranboo around, they would.



It took a while for their chick to quiet down, cries slowly transforming into pitiful whimpers and sniffles. Still, Chat made sure to keep him close, hand carding through their hair and gently untangling any knots they came across. They didn't care what Technoblade said, Ranboo was theirs now and he'd just have to get used to it.

The villain was simply in denial, even Chat knew this, yet he didn't even acknowledge the fact that he may have gotten attached to the kid. That was fine though, Chat would just have to simply wait until Techno was honest with himself. Until then Chat was fine with teasing their host about his softness, even if said host didn't see it yet.

They wouldn't allow their host to leave their chick, no matter what he tried to tell himself.

We aren't keeping him, I'm not a babysitter.

Technoblade was obviously still in denial and needed some more time to see the truth, that was fine. They already knew the villain wasn't going to ditch their baby bird, he's already protected them from heroes, so he was sure to keep doing so. If he didn't... then he'd experience Chat's wrath, something no mere mortal could withstand; not even their chosen host.

Chat's fingers roamed lower until they brushed over soft feathers, earning a flinch from the teen. They hushed their chick before carefully running fingers through the plumage. Technoblade may not know how wings work but Chat's knowledge was extensive, and one of the things they knew was some basic wing care. How? Even Chat doesn't know how they have this knowledge, perhaps every time a new voice was added to the masses they brought some new knowledge with them.

But it didn't matter how they knew, just that they knew.

Ranboo was tense, form stiff and close to trembling, but as the seconds grew longer the more they relaxed. Chat knew his so-called brother had damaged their wings before, they had literally seen the feathers and blood scattered around when they first found Ranboo, but they didn't know how bad that damage was. Their nestling was secretive, so it wouldn't be that shocking to find out he was hiding some minor injuries from both themselves and Techno.

The burns on their one wing still looked shiny and red under the bald patches, feathers surrounding it crispier than they should be. As Ranboo relaxed more, Chat focused on

righting any feathers that sat out of place, adjusting any bent feathers to lay flat instead of sticking out.

Eventually, they had Ranboo laying fully against them, wings laid limp on the bed behind him as Chat's fingers continued to preen their wings. They didn't spend long looking at the jagged ends of their kid's flight feathers, while longer than before they still weren't a pretty sight.

This was probably the most relaxed they've ever seen the kid, he was practically putty against them. And then a quiet noise made them pause, they would have missed it if the room wasn't so silent already. Even the cacophony of voices that was constantly making noise was completely silent.

Peep

Chat was left speechless for a second before every single voice nearly screamed in excitement, though they made sure not to actually scream and startle their chick. Their baby bird just chirped, literally chirped at them, and Chat was losing it. They cooed at the teen, hands massaging the feathered appendages earning more quiet chirps from the teen.

It didn't seem Ranboo even knew he was making these noises, or was fully present currently. Chat was simply happy that their baby bird was relaxed and practically half asleep. Did Ranboo even know they could chirp? What about other bird noises? Why haven't they heard these noises until now, after over a week of being around him twenty-four seven?

What else didn't they know about their chick?

Chapter End Notes

PigeonBoo <3

Nostalgic Feathers

Chapter Summary

enter tragic backstory here

Chapter Notes

Tw's::

Mentions of Death/Murder

Mentions of Past Abuse

Aftermath of Conditioning

Self Demeaning Comments

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ranboo~”

They hum sleepily, sun warming their back as they lay across someone’s lap. Fingers brush their feathers, burrowing into the soft down feathers. A content chirp escapes them as they nuzzle closer to the person they are using as a pillow.

“Oh my little sweet morning dove, are you tired?”

They nod in reply, talking being too difficult for their drowsy mind. Long soft feathers tickle his nose, causing them to sneeze. He lightheartedly glared up at the one who disturbed his sleep.

Blonde hair and warm brown eyes shined beautifully with the yellow sun as a backdrop, practically giving the woman a halo around her head. Large charcoal wings laid behind her, the color looking almost brownish due to the light of the sun. Her nose crinkled up as she smiled at him, hands cupping their cheeks.

“There he is! There’s my little finch!”

Ranboo practically melted at her words, her warm voice bringing comfort to them. They pushed themselves up before hugging the woman who chuckled at his actions though she still wrapped her hands around him, kissing the top of their head.

“You can’t go to sleep yet Boo.” She whispered into his hair. She pushed herself up so she was standing now, balancing him on her hip while still holding them close. “We still have to

go to Clay's game, he needs us to cheer super hard for him so he wins."

"Sleepy..." He mumbled into her blouse, burrowing their head into her shoulder as she carried them back inside.

"I know songbird but we promised your brother, plus we can get one of those puffy pastries you like." She bribed, smiling as Ranboo peeked an eye open. She already knew what the toddler would end up choosing, they'd always had a sweet tooth.

"Two?"

"Hm..." She hummed, tapping her chin with a finger as she pretended to ponder on his question. "How about you can have one before the game and then if you are still hungry you can have one after?"

"Yeah!" Ranboo cheered, tiny wings flapping happily behind them.

"He's going to get cavities at this rate." A deep voice stated, earning both avians' attention.

"Daddy!"

"Come here little man." The man said, reaching to take Ranboo from their mother. Once held against the other's chest they clung onto him like a koala.

Unlike their mother their father didn't have a set of wings attached to his back, he looked like any average businessman. Suit and tie, neatly styled brown hair, silver glasses perched on his nose, and bright green eyes that glittered like jewels.

"Oof you're getting heavier," His dad commented, pretending to struggle under the child's weight. Ranboo on the other hand giggled at his father's exaggerated efforts. "One day you're going to be even taller than your old man here."

"Not," Their mother started as she booped Ranboo's nose. "unless you eat all your veggies."

"Ew no!" The child complained, sticking their tongue out much to the amusement of his parents.

*"Hey Boo," His dad whispered, earning the child's attention. "Wanna do me a **big** favor?"*

They nodded their head so quickly that they almost head-butted their dad's chin. Thankfully the man had enough foresight to move before he accidentally bit his tongue.

"Can you go upstairs and get your brother?"

"Honey-" The woman started only to get a look from the man in return.

"How about it Boo? Wanna do me this big boy job?"

Again they nodded, already squirming in an attempt to get down faster. Their dad chuckled at his eagerness before releasing them, both parents watching as the child ran for the stairs.

“Do you really think that’s the best idea, Clark?”

“They need to start getting along better, and it’s the little things that spark brotherly closeness.”

“I really don’t-“

Ranboo didn’t pay attention to the rest of their parents’ conversation, too busy climbing the stairs and making sure they didn’t fall, wings flapping behind them to maintain balance. Eventually, he made it to the hallway that led to all the bedrooms in the house. He happily jogged to their brother’s room, reaching for the doorknob. He was just barely tall enough to get their fingers around the golden sphere, turning it before pushing at the white door.

“Clay!”

He called, peeking into the room. There was a groan from further in the room, one which Ranboo paid little mind to. The room had light green wallpaper with tiny white dots randomly placed amongst the wall, some had black sharpie smiley faces drawn below them. The room wasn’t messy but it definitely wasn’t neat either.

Standing next to an unmade bed was their brother, his focus on the items he was throwing into a bag. Ranboo, being the curious child they were, wanted to know what exactly he was doing. So they quickly made their way over to him, trying to pull themselves up onto the tall bed. Little wings flapping desperately as they struggled to actually climb onto the mattress.

“Ugh, Ranboo get out of my room,” Clay grumbled, trying to pry their fingers off his sheets. Which caused the child to whine and try to hold on even harder. “Go bother someone else, I’m busy.”

Ranboo huffed as they finally got onto the bed, shuffling until they could easily see into the bag. Though they only got a glimpse before being pushed back, landing with a thwump onto a pillow.

“Why are you even here? I need to finish getting ready or else I’ll be late.”

“Daddy told me to get you!” They chirped, pushing themselves up. He was already used to how their brother played, it was like wrestling with their dad but sometimes Clay got really angry and would start yelling.

“Okay fine, go tell him I’ll be down in a few minutes,” Clay muttered, making a shooing motion with his hand. “And stay out of my room, little shit.”

Ranboo shoved a finger at Clay with a gasp, wings splayed behind them. The two stared at each other before Ranboo was launching themselves off the bed and sprinting for the door, Clay sputtering before chasing after him.

“Mommy!” They yelled, running out the door and towards the stairs.

“No sh! Shut up!” Clay yelled after him.

“Clay said a no-no word!”



Usually, they didn't struggle to wake up, knowing that sleeping in was just asking for their brother to get mad at them. But now? It felt like trying to crawl his way out of molasses, his body heavy and refusing to cooperate. They wanted to just relax, go back to the hazy dreams they had just been in, but his kind screamed at him to wake up.

Half-lidded eyes opened, their blurry vision scanning the surrounding area in confusion. They were partially upright, tilted to the left ever so slightly, and the sun bathed the room with a warm golden glow. Ranboo recognized the room as the guest room he and Technoblade had been staying in for the past few days. What they couldn't remember was actually falling asleep.

The teen knew Chat had shown up, carrying them back into the guest room, but after that it was fuzzy. There was the phantom feeling of hands on their wings, though these weren't the normal painful tugs they were used to. Instead, these touches were gentle, carefully running through their feathers like a caring parent.

Memories of a warm-hearted blonde flashed by their eyes, a content thrill lodging itself in their throat. His memories of his mother were blurry, the ones he still held onto were beyond precious. Her large wings that would shield him from the sun, her thin fingers brushing back their hair when they cried, her soft coos and chirps that made all the hurt go away.

They missed her. They missed her *so* much that it hurt.

Something brushed up against their wing, the teen bristling for a second before relaxing again. Out of the corner of their eye they could spot pink, mind connecting that with the villain who was currently protecting them. Technoblade didn't outright say that to them but it seemed true enough, he promised after all.

“You up kid?”

Their mind was still foggy, so their reaction was a lot more subdued than they first thought. Instead of snapping up and away like he wanted, he actually slowly moved away from the pinkette. The villain raised an eyebrow as he watched them situate himself.

“You were out for a few hours,” He muttered, maroon eyes glancing away to glance out the window. “Chat acted impulsively, so... sorry I guess.”

The teen tilted their head at that, dumbfounded. Did he hear that correctly? Technoblade was apologizing... to *them* of all people? Why? Because Chat had manhandled him until they passed out? If anything Ranboo should be the one apologizing, begging forgiveness for their prior actions.

But as they opened their mouth to counter the other's words a hand was raised, stopping them in their tracks.

"I already know what you wanna say-" The villain stated in a dull tone. He lowered his hand before glancing back at the winged teen, freezing them in the spot.

Was he about to get yelled at? Possibly hit? Would Technoblade rip out their feathers one at a time? Or would he break their fingers until Ranboo pleaded for mercy?

"Chat already lectured me about the whole thing..." The man continued on as if Ranboo wasn't internally imagining all the ways they could possibly be killed by the villain. "You didn't do anything wrong."

Those words didn't fully process in his head. Nothing wrong? But Ranboo did many things bad! They ran! They yelled! Talked back! They didn't listen! All of these things were wrong! But the pinkette wasn't moving to strike them or even look like he'd attack any second.

"Wha-"

"Look kid- Ranboo," Techno corrected himself, eyes locking onto the younger's own. "There seems to be a bit of miscommunication between us."

He sighed, slumping a bit as he ran a hand through his loose hair. "I don't know what you think will happen if or whenever you do something you deem as ' *wrong* ' or to upset me but I swear I won't attack you."

Ranboo wasn't sure why Technoblade was saying all of this, he didn't need to explain himself like this. Yet the man continued on, tone holding more emotion than before. (Though not much) Ranboo couldn't exactly figure out what emotion it was either, but it didn't send them into flight mode.

Actually, their wings were pooled on the bed, limp and relaxed. They don't remember their wings feeling as loose and light as this, usually they were heavy and every movement brought some form of discomfort. But now? He could probably flap their wings and actually feel the air rush through their feathers.

"I'm not like the heroes,"

They were pulled out of those thoughts once again by the man sitting beside him. The villain looked a bit uncomfortable like he wasn't sure what to say. Was that how they looked when anxious? Minus the whole aura of danger Technoblade practically oozed.

"I don't just take my anger or emotions out onto some kid. I'm ***not*** your brother and I have no plan to act like him. Not now and not ever." Techno said in a serious tone, like he was trying to speak his will into existence. The pinkette then huffed, looking away, before grumbling under his breath. " *He's a dick anyway...* "

Even though it was somewhat muffled Ranboo was able to easily hear what he said. While he didn't fully agree with that statement, he didn't say otherwise. Dream was their brother, he

always had their best interests at heart. Ranboo was just dumb and struggled to not fail in everything they did. Dream just tried to teach them, in some less-than-pleasant ways...

The man raised his hand and Ranboo's eyes followed it, confusion and slight fear keeping them still. Here was the part where they actually get punished for pissing off the villain. He wasn't sure if they'd get hit or not but they didn't expect what actually happened.

A warmth settled on the top of their head, pressing their head down and somewhat into their face. It was shocking, confusing, and completely unexpected. The pinkette didn't grab or yank their hair, not even a bit. If anything the touch was gentle, like he was handling something easily breakable.

Techno ruffled their hair, a quiet chuff escaping him. Which was just adding to their current confusion, brain spinning as it tried to figure out why they weren't in pain. Instead his head tingled at the touch, the sensation both nice and uncomfortable. They felt like they wanted to pull away, to stop the weird feeling, but they didn't move an inch.

They may have even leaned into the other's hand a bit, craving whatever positive attention was being offered to them. Ranboo was greedy, they selfishly wanted this kind of praise at all times. The feeling settling in their chest, the urge to chirp like a baby chick was becoming harder to suppress.

They peeled through the curtain of their hair, eyes focusing directly on the villain. The teen was attempting to figure out what was actually going on, if this was just a ploy to get them into a false sense of safety. But no, Technoblade was relaxed. He didn't look tense, his shoulders were slumped and he looked peaceful.

And if Ranboo wasn't just imagining it, they think they saw the hint of a smile on the other's scarred face.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all get an early update this week because I won't be home saturday~
Enjoy the nice while it lasts

NOT A CHAPTER || UPDATE

Chapter Summary

NOT A CHAPTER

UPDATE

Chapter Notes

Mentions of Depression/Anxiety
Mentions of Animal Death

Hey guys, it's been a hot minute huh?

So first off, apologies for not updating in like 7/8 months or so, that wasn't exactly the plan (^^

A lot has been going on and I haven't had the motivation or energy to write anything really. I've been struggling *hard* with my depression and anxiety these past few months, and because of that, my motivation has been unfortunately nonexistent. My life has been hectic lately with personal issues, legal issues, and other shit that I had very little control over. As some of you may know my dog of 16 years had to be put down somewhat recently (in November) and I had a very hard time dealing with that, and I am still dealing with that. This event has impacted my mental health drastically, and I'm still recovering from this.

I've also fallen out of the DSMP fandom, I still love the characters and stories I've written but currently, I have no desire to continue them. This may change in the future though, I can't promise when I will update or what fic I will update. I still have all my plans for each fic, and I hope one day I can share them with you all. I don't want to discontinue my fics or leave them forever unfinished, but my mental health can't handle writing them right now. So for now all my fics are going on indefinite hiatus with no end date. I hope to continue/finish them one day, even if it's just sharing a rough outline of the future chapters. But until I decide if I truly can't finish them they will remain here in stasis.

(Who knows maybe I'll pass them off to others to finish, I'm not fully sure just yet.)

Apologies again, I know this isn't the update anyone wants but I've put off writing this update for multiple months. (I should have written this up back in September/October honestly) I'm very grateful to everyone who's read my fics and everyone I've met/interacted with because of them. Truly you guys are all amazing and such wonderful people, and I am beyond thankful for the time spent in the DSMP fandom and the friends I've made along the way. I'm thinking of focusing more on my original characters for now and getting back into writing through them. I'll still be active within my discord and on other social media, and who knows, maybe I'll be back here again with new fics from some other fandoms or even back into the DSMP.

I think I've said the basics of what I wanted to say here, so I'll keep this short and simple. Thank you all once again for joining me on this wild ride and I hope to see you all again in the future, wherever that may be. (づ ●_●)づ

-B0N3D4D1

End Notes

Thank you for reading my fics!

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Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!